The Nation.

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The Week.

If this country were to intrust the making of its tariffs to the Massachusetts Legislature, the Dingley law would have to go at once. The Governor, the presiding officers of both houses, and 222 out of the 280 members of the Legislature, only 75 of whom are Democrats, signed the tariff revision petition which was forwarded last week to the President. From the high protectionist point of view this is the basest of ingratitude. Massachusetts lies near the centre of that fortunate dumb-bell-shaped region which was pictured on the cover of the Republican campaign text-book in 1904, the "Manufacturing Section of U. S." Only two States, her immediate neighbors, Rhode Island and Connecticut, are more dependent on manufactures. She sells every year $360 worth of manufactured goods per capita, as against $290 for New York. Yet, instead of being grateful for a fiscal system designed solely to foster manufactures, Massachusetts is taking the lead in trying to destroy it. The policy of giving American manufacturers whatever they want has many advocates. Are there any of a policy which forces on them "aid" which they no longer desire?

Except as regards the Japanese, the immigration bill, as finally agreed upon, has become little more than a bundle of minor changes in details of the law. Instead of building a new wall, the Congressional carpenters are merely tinkering the old one. Of the new provisions, one, the increased requirement of air-space for steerage passengers, is in the interest of the immigrant, and should have been adopted long ago. Two—the provision for a Congressional commission to collect data, and the authorization of a conference to regulate immigration by international agreement—do not involve directly the general question of restriction. Fines are provided for the steamship companies bringing consumptives, idiots, or epileptics to this country. Since these persons are not allowed to land in any case, this fine may operate to save hardship and disappointment to some unfortunates. Prostitutes are added to the list of excluded classes. Aliens leaving our insular possessions for the United States must register, and the Panama Canal Zone is declared foreign territory for immigration purposes. Finally, $50,000 is appropriated for the enforcement of the contract labor laws; and the head-tax on immigrants is increased from $2 to $4. This last provision is hard to defend on logical grounds. If the immigrant is not wanted, he should be turned back; if he is wanted, he should not be taxed for entrance. It will exclude some immigrants, but not those whose entrance is least desirable. The head-tax will not exclude so many aliens as the educational qualification advocated by the Senate would have done, or the "low vitality" provision desired by Commissioner-General Sargent. Yet it will stand in the way of some thousands, and in that fact the restrictionists will find some comfort. They have tried harder during the present Congress than at any time within recent years to impose new and severe restrictions, but our historic policy of liberality has been practically unaltered. The sentiment against our present immigration is not wholly fictitious, though selfish interests are reported to have helped manufacture it. If the attempt to settle the problem by intelligent distribution of aliens fails to show results, the demand for arbitrary restriction is certain to arise again.

Though the currency bill reported from the Senate Finance Committee last week lacks spectacular features, its passage would be a considerable step toward an intelligent and consistent system. It illustrates, incidentally, the quiet and simple ways in which reforms like this can be made. Last year the House passed a bill providing for ten-dollar gold certificates (twenty had been the lowest denomination heretofore); and for one and two-dollar bills in place of the ten-dollar silver certificates. The Senate Committee has added the really significant amendment which abolishes the old and meaningless distinction between customs and other revenues, makes all national banks depositories of public moneys, and increases from $3,000,000 to $9,000,000 the aggregate of national bank notes that may be withdrawn in any one month. Senator N. W. Aldrich promises to press this bill to early consideration, and he professes hope of securing its passage; but it must be confessed that the chances of success are none too bright.

Congressman Theodore E. Burton of Ohio again proved his value as a public servant by his protest last Friday against the voting of two more battleships, to cost twenty millions of dollars —two-thirds the amount of John D. Rockefeller's recent magnificent gift to the General Education Board. Mr. Rockefeller's money will do a useful work for centuries to come. The twenty millions for battleships will probably have disappeared twenty years hence, together with several other millions for repairs and alterations. Mr. Burton also declined to be silent about what he regards as the real needs of the navy—the improvement of the personnel and its efficiency. But best of all is Mr. Burton's courage in opposing a policy he deems unwise even though it be that of the Administration. He spoke for common sense and humanity. The soundness of his position is emphasized by the utterance of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, which regards the present desire of the United States to maintain a huge navy as one of the chief difficulties in the way of a general agreement for disarmament at the approaching Hague Conference.

The President's message on the public land laws, taken in connection with his previous declarations on the same large topic, covers a system of radical reform which deserves the attention of the whole country. Owning originally tracts of mineral lands, timber lands, and grazing lands, our government began by virtually giving away whatever was asked for—neither insuring that each should be used for the greatest public benefit, nor that the possessor should always have a chance honestly to develop his legal holdings. For a long time no other system was considered; and the liberal policy undoubtedly acted as a powerful incentive to the development of new tracts. The President now lends his aid to those who believe that the time for this policy has passed. Instead of giving private interests the title outright to coal lands, our government should lease them. It should likewise lease the cattle ranges. It should sell standing timber, without losing control of the land. In short, it should eliminate, so far as possible, the speculative element in the use of public lands, and adopt a far-sighted business policy. How much of this programme can be secured at once is problematical. But some legislation along these lines must be ultimately adopted, if the natural resources still in the hands of the government are to be conserved for the use of future generations.

They are startled at Washington to find that we have a $2,000,000,000 Congress, but for a decade past it has been evident to the most casual observer that public charges were multiplying with great rapidity in the United States. By the latest instalment of the finance statistics of the Twelfth Census we are now able to measure the precise strength of the tendency which common observation had shown to exist. The data gathered by the Census are for the year 1902,

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and admit of general comparison with the figures which the Eleventh Census compiled for 1890. The general movement of Federal, State, and local expenditures during this period of twelve years is shown by the following condensed table:

	1890.	1902.
Federal expenditures	$352,218,600	$617,530,100
State and local expenditures	563,735,400	1,156,429,200
Total	$915,954,000	$1,773 959,300

Here is an increase of about 94 per cent. in the total outlay in little more than a decade. Translated into per capita figures, the results are equally impressive:

	1890.	1902.
Federal expenditures	$5 62	$7 81
State and local expenditures	9 00	14 64
Total	$14 62	$22 45

It is customary to dismiss such matters with the complacent remark that this is a big country, and that its wealth is growing as fast as its expenditures. It happens, however, that the census figures of the total wealth of the United States do not show anything of the sort. From 1890 to 1904, according to the official guesses which pass current as statistics, the wealth of the country has advanced as follows:

1890	$65,037,000,000
1900	88,517,000,000
1904	107,104,000,000

From 1890 to 1904 the total wealth of the United States increased about 65 per cent.; but against this we can now set advances of 75 per cent. in Federal expenditures, 105 per cent. in State and local outlays, and 94 per cent. in the aggregate cost of government. Clearly, then, we can safely call the attention of our readers to the portentous growth of public expenses in the United States. Much more than the usual infusion of imagination and emotion will be needed to make the recent census figures yield the "satisfactory showing" which the popular statisticians usually extract from them.

Students of social and educational questions seem to agree that a Federal Bureau should be established for the collection of statistics as to the physical welfare of school children, truancy, mortality, child labor, etc. Opinions differ, however, as to whether the new bureau should be under the Commissioner of Education or be a new division of the Interior Department. Senator Crane of Massachusetts has introduced a bill making a separate bureau. This, to our minds, is the wrong way. These frequent additions to the machinery of our Federal Government are bad enough in themselves, but if we must have them, they should be dovetailed into existing departments wherever possible, if only for reasons of economy. And when, as in this case, there is a long-established force at work on similar problems, the argument for giving this undertaking to the Commissioner of Education seems irresistible. The proposed children's bureau, with its small budget of only $30,000, could do only a small part of the work it should cover. Moreover, if the Bureau of Education were made responsible for the statistics, it could at once enlist in this campaign an army of about half a million teachers. The new Commissioner, E. E. Brown, is vouched for as a man of executive ability; he would probably welcome the chance to show what he could do in this new and important field with a slight enlargement of his present force.

Otto Kelsey, New York State Superintendent of Insurance, now knows that he made the mistake of his life in not resigning quietly when Gov. Hughes first asked him. With a fatuity which is itself sufficient proof of his incapacity, Kelsey chose to resist and rally his friends for a fight. The first blow struck by Hughes reveals Kelsey as pathetically incompetent. By his own confession, extorted in Gov. Hughes's severe cross-examination, Kelsey is ignorant of the details of the insurance investigation, is ignorant of the abuses that flourished under his present subordinates, is ignorant of the shortcomings of these men, and has made no effort to reorganize his department and conduct it on a business basis. Kelsey's own words convict him of being a complete failure. The press is practically unanimous in demanding his dismissal. No disinterested man can offer the slightest excuse for retaining him in a position which he is obviously unfit to occupy. In the eyes of the people of this State, the incident has strengthened rather than weakened Gov. Hughes by affording him opportunity for the display of power and courage hardly matched in the history of New York politics.

The abolition of the South Carolina State dispensary, after an existence of thirteen years, does not restore the saloon to the State. The private liquor dealer cannot conduct his business legally there without a Constitutional amendment for his benefit. The local option now provided gives to every county the choice between prohibition and a dispensary of its own, conducted by responsible local officials. There was a way, even under the old law, of keeping the dispensary out of a county, and, though the process was cumbersome and difficult, as many as fourteen counties, we believe, had taken this action. It is conceded that the first result of the State dispensary repeal will be a large increase in the "dry" territory. Of Senator Tillman's pet institution, the Charleston *News and Courier*, not, perhaps, an unbiassed critic, writes by way of obituary that "for thirteen years it has been the controlling influence in South Carolina, and brought only shame and disgrace to the State." Pervasive scandals were disclosed by the official investigations of last year, such as to discredit hopelessly this remarkable experiment in dealing with the liquor traffic. If the State must go into trade, it meets difficulties enough without meddling with a business which is of bad repute to begin with.

A. B. Stickney of the Chicago Great Western Railway has long had the reputation of being a sort of *enfant terrible* among railway presidents, and his frank defence of stock-watering last week, at the investigation by the Minnesota Legislature, was wholly in character. Like another Luther at Worms, he took his stand upon the proposition that railways are entitled to "all the interest and dividends they can get, provided reasonable rates are charged." Yes, but the reasonableness of rates depends upon the return they yield on capital actually invested. If profit on one-half water is reasonable, why not upon nine-tenths? Besides, since the Trans-Missouri decision by the Supreme Court, the unreasonableness of an act of Congress directed against railroads can no longer be pleaded as sufficient ground for setting it aside. So if it comes down to the assertion of stark power, without regard to fairness or sound public policy, the railroads will find themselves in an unequal contest. Even Mr. Stickney's fiat would not have quite the force of a law of the land.

The opinion has been recently expressed that the American picture market is suffering from stagnation induced by the excessive prices which painters demand. How great the overcharge has been cannot, of course, be given with mathematical precision, but from the scale of reductions suggested it would appear that our artists have indeed been killing the golden millionaire that buys landscapes and *genre* studies for his reception hall or the museum of his native city. But as a matter of fact is it true that the artist's services are exempt from the workings of the law of supply and demand, which is generally accepted as determining price in the economic exchange of commodities and services? We find a reply to this question in a paper in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by the Vicomte Georges d'Avenel, dealing historically with the remuneration of painters and sculptors for the last seven hundred years. He holds that art, no less than industry, is subject to the iron law which declares that the price that is, is right, and that a successful paint-

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er is entitled to what he can get. His argument runs thus:

> This last fact [the very large income enjoyed by successful painters] has nothing to do with the intrinsic merits of their work—they surely will not claim superiority to Titian, Velasquez, or Rembrandt—any more than the high fees exacted by our physicians and surgeons are based on their superiority to their predecessors. It depends on the number of the rich, who by their competing demands augment the cost of rare works of rare talents. The surgeon who is a lover of art and who receives five or ten thousand francs for an operation will not hesitate to give that sum for a design by Albrecht Dürer sold in 1521 for 24 francs, which was just the fee the artist paid, in turn, to his physician for a single visit to his sick wife.

The wealth acquired by an artist's labor depends, therefore, on the existing demand for his works, which depends in part on the general wealth of the community, in part on his vogue in the market, and in part on his rate of production. If paintings by Winslow Homer or John S. Sargent are eagerly sought by persons of unlimited wealth, and if these artists turn out but few pictures each year, their work, like a cornered railway stock, will command a correspondingly higher price. They can practically charge what they please.

Far more significant than vague mutterings against the House of Lords, is the clear announcement in the House of Commons that the Government will bring in a bill for Irish Home Rule. The new Secretary for Ireland, Augustine Birrell, explicitly stated that the Ministry believed that nothing would give satisfaction to the majority of the people in Ireland, but "what is generally called a home rule Parliament," and that the Prime Minister would "never make himself responsible for any measure which might obstruct the fulfilment of those hopes." The full text of the bill will be eagerly awaited. It is bound to propose a great enlargement of Irish control over purely Irish affairs. The Tories themselves have gone many steps that way since Gladstone's time. Having conceded a degree of local government in Irish counties, it is difficult to see how they can logically combat an extension of that power to the counties united. Nor can they allege that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is forced to placate the Irish in order to sustain himself in office. He has a clear and large majority without them. Hence it is not political expediency which is moving him, but loyalty to pledges and to the Liberal tradition, with the desire to see all the people throughout the British Empire governed by their own consent.

The situation in France is reassuring, but anomalous. Peace between the Government and the bishops seems almost certain, but within the Government all is not harmony, in spite of the formal reconciliation between Premier Clemenceau and his ambitious Minister of Public Instruction. Like many a family scandal which is hushed up from the outer world for the sake of "the children," the French Cabinet has adopted a domestic *modus vivendi* in order to assure some sort of a future to the favorite child of the Republican *bloc*—Separation of Church and State. Clemenceau may disagree with Briand as to the advantageous nature of the arrangement, but that is a matter to be disposed of *en famille*. As to the outcome, the chances distinctly favor Briand. Clemenceau is too easy-going, too many-sided, too fond of a good joke, even when it is against himself, to carry on a policy of inflexible resolution. He has the *élan* that will gain him a brilliant cavalry victory, but will stand him in little stead against the slow sapping and mining tactics of M. Briand.

The fact that the Constitutional Democrats have made a clean sweep in the Moscow elections for the second Duma, will not please the extreme radicals, who would have preferred a victory for the Socialist Revolutionaries, or their nearest allies, the Social Democrats; but with such an event removed from the realm of the possible by the Government's rigorous watch over the polls, it is satisfactory to see the reactionary element overthrown. The signs seem to point to coöperation in the Duma between the Left and the Cadets on the basis of a more conciliatory policy than that adopted by the Opposition last year. Alexei Alyadin, peasant leader in the first Duma, and now a visitor to this country, was by far the most violent member in his denunciation of the Government. We must, therefore, find a certain significance in the following extract from an article he wrote for the London *Times* on the eve of the present elections:

> And last, but not least, the Hotspurs. They, too, have learnt by bitter experience that the glory of a direct charge does not always lead to victory; a flank movement, aye, and slower methods still, may bring surer profit in the end, without such sacrifice of their best and bravest. Their enthusiasm is not damped; but the last months have brought harmony into their working—a fact which may prove of some moment in the coming struggle.

If we do not err in our interpretation of Hotspur Alyadin's words, the chances for progress this year are not discouraging.

The comparatively full summary of Gen. Kuropatkin's "History of the Russo-Japanese War," supplied by the Associated Press, raises the desire for more details. Nothing but the complete story of the man who knows most about the Russian *débâcle*, and who is apparently honest enough to tell all he knows, will enable us fully to grasp the nature of an epic struggle between inert matter and alert spirit, between chaos and ordered mind, which seems to carry us back to the gray days of the heroes of sun myth. It is easy enough to be wise after the event, but in the light of Kuropatkin's revelations, what chance did the Russians ever stand at any moment of the struggle? Preponderance of fighting force, incomparably better preparation for action in a mountainous country, more youthful vigor, lighter equipment, plentiful mountain artillery and pack trains, extreme patriotic spirit, energetic and capable officers—all these were ranged against unpreparedness, "insufficient warlike spirit of our own troops in consequence of the obscurity surrounding the objects and causes of the war," and officers whose inability was tragic in its results. No wonder that Luck, too, cast her lot with the Japanese. One can see how Gen. Kuropatkin's three volumes can be turned into an incomparable argument for peace—by emphasizing the horrible fact that the lives of tens of thousands are the price that is being paid, not for a leader's error, which is conceivably pardonable, but for a leader's inexcusable neglect and incapacity.

The suspension of the Berlin *Nation*, conducted for twenty-four years by Dr. Theodor Barth, will be regretted far beyond the bounds of the German Empire. Avowedly modelled after the New York *Nation*, it has contended for many of the same causes. Free trade, free speech, and individual freedom have been its ideals; and its discussions of home and foreign affairs have been the soundest that have appeared in all Germany. For international peace Dr. Barth has striven day in and day out; and when the German journalists went on their peace mission to London last summer, he was naturally spokesman for the delegation. That he has not found men to whom he can turn over the burden he has so long carried, is an ominous sign for German Liberalism. Indeed, the suspension of the paper immediately after the last election shows that whatever encouragement the balloting has brought to the Emperor and the Chancellor, it has put but little heart into the Liberals, who stand for progress along democratic lines, as opposed to advances in the direction of Socialism. By the reactionaries, the Clericals, and especially by the Agrarians and the Prussian *Junker*, the death of the *Nation* will be regarded as a blessing. But it goes down with a record of long and unswerving devotion to high principles.

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FROM CITIZENSHIP TO EXCLUSION.

If Japan, on the one hand, and the second great Power involved, the San Francisco Board of Education, on the other, assent to the "solution" of the question of Japanese immigration devised at Washington, an end of the controversy is reached for the time being. Pleased as we must be to have allayed, even momentarily, international irritation, we are not bound to approve the makeshift legislation by which Congress dodges responsibility and leaves everything to the President. When he "shall be satisfied" that the coming of the Japanese is to the "detriment of labor conditions," then he may exclude them. But it is only our "continental territory" that is to be saved. To the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, to Porto Rico and the Canal Zone, the contaminating Japanese are to be allowed to go freely. In those negligible possessions of the United States there are no "labor conditions" to be safeguarded — which, being interpreted, means that they have no labor vote with which to terrify politicians. And, of course, the President will have the right to exclude also the thousands of Portuguese in the Hawaiian Islands, the Spaniards at Panama, or Italians in any of our non-continental territory. This is a tremendous power to lodge in any President. If we should ever get one who was not absolutely wise, just, and infallible, he might use his authority, for example, to make himself popular on the Pacific Coast, or to curry favor with demagogues.

Our doubts about the method of settlement are strengthened by the puzzling course of the President himself in this affair. In his message of last December he held the Japanese up to admiration as among the finest people on earth. So desirable was their company in the United States, that Mr. Roosevelt said: "I recommend to the Congress that an act be passed specifically providing for the naturalization of Japanese." Nor can it be said that, when the President wrote his message, he had in mind only Japanese artists and university men. He spoke of the "unworthy feeling" that had been shown against Japanese in San Francisco, and the "mutterings against them in one or two other places," "because of their efficiency as workers." That could have meant only the laboring classes among the Japanese immigrants, whose efficiency obviously made them a valuable element in our population. The President's emphatic words about the folly and wickedness of race prejudices and hatreds were cabled round the world as a new and impressive chapter in international morality. He demanded fair treatment for the Japanese—classing them, by name, with Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, and Italians. Nor was this limited to the higher classes of Japan:

> We must treat with justice and good will all *immigrants* who come here under the law. . . . Whether they come from England or Germany, Russia, Japan or Italy, matters nothing.

He even spoke of his determination to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States, if necessary, in order to compel San Francisco to be just to the Japanese. No assertion of principle could be loftier or more sweeping. Yet within two months the President has turned his back upon it, dropped his test cases to establish the treaty rights of the Japanese in this country, and is doing everything in his power to satisfy the demand of the Pacific Coast that the Japanese not only be denied naturalization, but be entirely excluded.

The exclusion policy may conceivably be justified, but it is hard to justify the President for being both against it and for it. Having warmly praised his former attitude, we cannot also praise his right-about-face. Nor can we believe that his round affirmations regarding the true rules of international courtesy and fair dealing were inconsiderately made. We have no doubt that his heart was in them—at the time. Why the great change? Why has this majestic nation, conscious of right and dignity, and determined to observe high-minded justice in all international relations, no matter how some disaffected locality might cry out—why has it fallen to dickering with an indicted mayor, and given in to that "hostility towards the Japanese in this country" which the President said in December was "most discreditable to us as a people," and might be "fraught with the gravest consequences"? We know of no satisfactory explanation. The President declared the anti-Japanese agitation to be "limited to a very few places." He has found that it infects a large part of the Pacific Coast. From Puget Sound to the Mexican border he has been denounced. The press has been outspoken against him; Legislatures have passed resolutions attacking him. We dislike to think that the President has shrunk from unpopularity in standing for a principle, but we wish some one would tell us his real reason for running away from it.

The position of the President is rendered still more humiliating, the "solution" of the difficulty still less defensible, by the long statement given out on Monday by Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco. His words read like a studied insult to the President. Mr. Roosevelt's contention that the action of the San Francisco authorities was in violation of our treaty with Japan, Mayor Schmitz puts aside scornfully:

> We have not conceded and do not concede or intend to concede that our action was in violation of any of the stipulations of the treaty.

Moreover, the Mayor of San Francisco states that he made it "a condition" with the President of the United States that the suits brought to determine the scope of the treaty "be dismissed forthwith." Finally, the triumphant Mayor says that the agreement he has consented to is only "temporary," and that "President Roosevelt has given us direct and positive assurances that he will at once begin negotiations with Japan for a treaty that will exclude Japanese laborers, skilled and unskilled." We should have expected Mr. Roosevelt to resent such an utterance with his customary vigor and wrath. Instead, we get this from the White House:

> A copy of Mayor Schmitz's statement was submitted to President Roosevelt and Secretary Root, and is entirely satisfactory to them.

SALVATION BY LECTURES.

William Hurrell Mallock's series of lectures in this city on Socialism promise to make a pleasant book. His literary reputation had, of course, preceded him to this country, and he was certain to receive a welcome and to find good audiences. It may be doubted, however, if even his acute analysis of the old problems will let him deeper into their heart than previous probers have gone; and it may especially be doubted if any very profound impression on the public mind can be made by his lectures on the fallacies of Socialism —or, for that matter, by anybody's.

Those who invited Mr. Mallock to speak here are understood to have entertained a hope that he might help us raise a bulwark against the inrushing socialistic flood. With all sorts of theories and illusions in our air, it was apparently felt that a clear-headed Englishman, with an attractive style, might bear valuable testimony, and persuade some among us from the evil of their ways. In this attitude there was a simple faith that is not a little touching. It is like the feeling of many good people that if only the discontented classes could be got to sit out a sermon every Sunday night, their discontent would vanish. Of course, such a belief as that in the power of hortatory address is a frequent manifestation of the oratorical instinct. Gladstone had it in a marked degree. As Bagehot pointed out, he always was sincerely convinced that, if he could get at his most dogged opponent, and thunder and lighten at him for two or three hours, he could surely convert him. Such zeal and hope may animate the breasts of some lecturers. It would be cruel to dash their ardors; yet in the case of large social and political movements, where the passions of

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men are enlisted more than their reason, it is well for all of us to look at the exact ways in which public opinion is formed, and to observe how small a part lecturing plays in the business. On the eve of the Civil War, Edward Everett went about the country delivering his lecture on the virtues of Washington. It is not recorded, however, that the rose-water put out the conflagration.

A study of the way in which Socialism steals upon a people would, we think, yield the best hints as to the means by which it will be likely to go away. Emphatically, it cometh not by observation. No single great book, no forceful agitator or individual prophet, can be pointed to as the efficient cause of what is, after all, a subtle mental attitude of great masses of people. Suddenly the day comes when it is said, "We are all Socialists now." That cynical remark of Sir William Harcourt's did not mean that the whole world was going in for a community of goods. It implied, simply, that a great change had quietly made its way; that people found themselves, they did not know how or why, looking differently at a large range of social questions—taxation, the condition of the working classes, the rewards of capital, the humane functions of government, and so on. Nobody had converted these men. They had merely been caught up in a silent but irresistible tendency of their times.

Godlike reason, looking before and after, has less to do with these alterations of the general point of view than we like to imagine. There is no proof, for example, that English cities went into their socialistic experiments, or even their schemes of municipal trading, in any spirit of cool calculation. Rather, they drifted in. The good old Anglo-Saxon rule of thumb had its way. It was not logic, but experiment; and there are many signs to-day that the experiment is turning out badly. If it does, and if the old Sphinx-question, "Who will pay the bills of Socialism?" remains unanswered even by the great increase in the rates, then we may look for a serious reaction in the movement. Englishmen will begin to say, "That thing has been overdone." But here, again, it will not be so much a reasoned conviction, wrought by any book or newspaper, any orator or lecturer, as a sort of subconscious change, which is the result of forces too secret and elusive to be grasped with the hand.

This is what is called being "in for" this or the other movement. We in the United States are undoubtedly in for a great many things that have been known as socialistic. Citizens are calling upon their governments to do more for them in the way of providing added comforts and conveniences. That infallibly means higher taxes, but by such a consideration the people are not, as yet, checked. They look at corporations in a wholly new light. Like a thief in the night, an entirely different way of regarding great accumulations of capital has stolen upon them. They think about the working classes as they never did before. Now, this is not the direct result of socialistic preaching or organization. As H. G. Wells, himself the most thorough-going of Socialists, has said, "all the socialist societies and leagues and federations seem to me no more than the rustling hem of the garment of advancing Socialism." He adds:

> To make a fairly complete intimation of the nature of socialism to an average, decent, middle-aged, middle-class person would be to arouse emotions of unspeakable terror, if the whole project didn't also naturally clothe itself in a quality of incredibility.

Yet these same middle-class people are going, in their honest, floundering fashion, into various socialistic ventures, and all the warning lectures under heaven will not stop them.

Yet they may, any day, pull up sharply, and go in the other direction. There are clear indications in England that a lurch away from Socialism is imminent. It may show itself in this country at any time. Somehow, a drift asserts itself in such matters. Incalculable but coöperating elements go to establish it. All you can say is that the popular mind has completely changed. You may see Socialism coming in like a flood, and may say bitterly with Herbert Spencer at Biarritz, pointing to the advancing waves, that it is impossible to resist it by argument; yet you may be sure that, if you keep your head and live long enough, you will see it go out again as fated as the tide.

THE EXPOSURE OF VICE.

Widely diverse opinions about the reporting of the Thaw trial are evidently held. In several distant cities women's organizations have protested against publication of the details. Federal officials have moved to exclude from the mails evidence given that is grossly indecent. On the other hand, a Ministers' Association in Providence, after a debate last week, unanimously approved the printing of every feature of the testimony, on the ground that the trial is furnishing the "greatest moral lesson of the age." Thus the matter is plainly one for careful discrimination.

We thoroughly agree that the recurring demonstration of the wages of sin, in the persons of the deliberately and defiantly immoral, is wholesome. It is a part of the continuing moral education of mankind. People will not so seriously consider or so implicitly accept the truth about the inexorable working of the moral law, when it is a question of maxims in a book, as they will when it is a living example. To show that God is not mocked to-day, any more than in Bible times, and that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, is a part of the justification of criminal trials, and of the uncovering by legal process of the foul lives of fair-seeming men. So far we are ready to go with those who see in the revelations of the Thaw trial a means of quickening the moral impulses that keep the world from falling into the pit. Not John Knox or Savonarola or St. Paul himself could preach a more powerful sermon on those things the end whereof is death, than has been this disclosure of the secret ways and the sure and dread punishment of vice cloaked by wealth.

When it comes, however, to the form in which the great moral is conveyed, another class of considerations must be brought in. Shall we, in striking at corruption, ourselves corrupt? In exposing indecency, shall we be indecent? These questions suggest the real objection to printing all the "disgusting details" of the Thaw trial. It is not that they run perilously close to the statute prohibiting the distribution of obscene publications through the mails, or offering them for sale. The danger lies deeper. It is lest, in attempting to create horror at iniquity, you provoke a morbid curiosity about it; excite prurient imaginations; sow seeds of evil in innocent minds; and find yourself in the position, not of a stern moral teacher, but of a purveyor of salacious and demoralizing minutiæ of vice. From the newspaper point of view—and it is that which is mainly at issue—there is no need of going into all the unspeakable details. As an English journalist has said, it is perfectly possible to give a just impression of the total effect of the evidence in the Thaw trial, without touching upon matters which decent people agree not to mention. That should be the newspaper rule. The facts in such a case as this notorious murder trial ought to be given to the public. They are of immense interest, psychologic and moral and criminal. But as regards the nauseating form in which they are told by witnesses, that, surely, is a place at which the scrupulous editor would wish to draw the line. He would feel, with the Apostle, that "it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret."

It must be remembered that the warning and preventive value of such a public trial, and public reporting of it, apply, after all, to but a limited class. Most of the innocent, the well-taught, the guarded, the wholesomely occupied, are scarcely affected. They simply shudder and pass by. As for the ignorant or credulous, the dabblers in evil, many of them, it is to be hoped, will be shocked into a realization of what they are about, and will be under a new restraint. But those far down the path of dalliance

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are not so to be checked. It is an appalling thought, but it is doubtless true, that hundreds of men in this city are going, in their fashion, the course of the man who was shot in the Madison Square Roof Garden last June, and that they will not be in the least deterred by his fate. "Oh," they will say, "*he* was too reckless, too imprudent. *He* took too many chances. It was certain that could not go on. But *we* will observe every precaution; will be astute where he was careless; and no one shall ever know the hidden life of pleasure we lead." Such delusions are of the very essence of the power of immorality over its victims, and are not to be dissipated by any amount of published evidence of kindred folly. And when the day comes for the next man to find his pleasant vices twisted into a thong to scourge him, he, too, will be astonished to discover that the moral law is no respecter of persons, and has a way of piercing through the most elaborate disguises.

It is, indeed, an awful reflection that men whom one meets in office or street or club, may yet be hiding another life of unspeakable corruption. But let no one think that such men go unpunished, even if unexposed. In assenting to the public importance of exposure, we must not forget the automatic recording of the punishment of vice, in the heart and soul of the vicious man, which goes on remorselessly even when there is no exposure. One form of this punishment is a fearful sense of satiety. It seems to have eaten into both the men prominent in the Thaw trial. After having resorted to every expedient that money or ingenuity could supply to flog jaded sensibilities to a new thrill, they yet wore the air of men walking benighted under the midday sun, themselves their own dungeons. When all is said about the "greatest moral lesson of the age" in the unflinching exposure of vice, it is just as well to bear in mind that the moral order of the universe, and the stuff of which human nature is made, remain sterner and more infallible messengers of justice than any which man can devise.

ENGLISH RULE IN EGYPT.

So many flattering pictures of the British administration of Egypt have appeared of late years that it is rather startling to run across a pamphlet by an Englishman, called "Atrocities of Justice Under British Rule in Egypt." This is the title of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's monograph, and he has, it must be admitted, produced facts that make the whole record seem radically different from that glowingly described by Viscount Milner, whose standard "England in Egypt" has just reached its eleventh edition. Yet what Milner, and a later writer, Sir Auckland Colvin, say about the material development of Egypt is not exaggerated. Lord Cromer has accomplished wonders, besides abolishing enforced labor and the lash; and, all in all, Egypt may still be cited as the most successful example of the government of a "backward" people by Anglo-Saxons or Teutons.

But just because British rule has achieved so many material reforms, we have the right to inquire whether it has also made the natives contented and happy; whether it stands for absolute justice; and, finally, whether the natives are being allowed to come into their own as rapidly as possible. For if the plan were to keep the Egyptians permanently in tutelage, it would be idle to ask whether the people are happy and content. There was a strong national feeling in 1882, when the British defeated the nationalist movement under Arabi Pasha; and the party whose cry is "Egypt for the Egyptians" was markedly strengthened by the wave of hostility to the British which swept over the country from 1893 to 1898. That there have recently been signs of a recrudescence of this desire to be free from a foreign yoke is well known; the fear of a religious crusade against Christians has filled pages in the English and Continental press. The Denshawai incident itself has been frequently mentioned as proof that the Egyptians are on the verge of open hostility against their rulers.

What this "incident" really was, Mr. Blunt explains at length, and revolting reading the story makes. The judgment as printed in the official Blue Book, he declares "one of the most disgraceful documents ever issued, as their deliberate summing up of a case and sentence by civilized judges. It is self-contradictory, slovenly, and its language truculent and absurd." This accusation is hardly too strong, for in one paragraph the court says the crime was "committed against officers who had surrendered their arms and were defenceless," and in the next it says, "the officers could have shot the aggressors as they did the pigeons." While the judgment did not ascribe murder to the natives, it yet sentenced four villagers to death, two to life imprisonment, and bestowed minor punishments upon fifteen others, of whom eight received fifty lashes apiece. These sentences were barbarously executed. The French newspaper, the *Journal du Caire*, said of the horrors perpetrated in the name of justice:

> Here we see the Middle Age punishments as the order of the day—gallows, pillory, iron collar, judge, executioner, torturer—nothing wanting but the wheel and the stake for burning.

It is impossible to read the details without being satisfied that this affair must always be a stain upon Lord Cromer's reputation. He plainly lost his head, and in order to overawe his subjects permitted ferocities recalling those of the Mahdi in the Sudan.

This is the worst of the atrocities which Mr. Blunt, himself a resident of Cairo, reports; but the effect of it has been heightened by other inexcusable miscarriages of justice. Apparently, the theory is that he who touches the hair of an Englishman's head dies like a dog. And then, the British public is amazed because the Egyptian does not adore every red-coat from Alexandria to Khartum, and express on every corner his appreciation of the invader's beneficence.

As a matter of fact, the Egyptian has also grounds for complaint in the slowness with which he is permitted to share in his government. Even a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, who treats of the Egyptian problem at length in the January issue from a distinctly pro-British point of view, admits this cause of discontent, and urges that there be a further development of self-governing municipalities in which the Egyptian may learn to direct his own affairs. As for further political powers, it would be "folly," in his opinion, to bestow these until the Egyptians have learned to exercise "with discretion and intelligence those they already possess." Discretion and intelligence are words which must sound charming to the Egyptians as they think of the gibbets and lashes of Denshawai.

The value of a government which so plainly rests on bayonets must ever be questioned. Its success is not to be judged by an increase in per capita wealth or by the placing of fellaheen and pasha on the same footing in the courts. Should the English withdraw, their customs and reforms would be objects of suspicion and dislike merely by reason of the hate they have engendered. Final judgment, too, cannot be passed for decades, perhaps centuries, to come. Meanwhile the cant of the conqueror as to "discretion and intelligence," or the denunciation of the Young Egyptians as crude, shallow, and dangerous agitators, helps not at all. Even the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* admits there is a new stirring in Egypt, a new problem before Lord Cromer, and that discontent is bound to grow as the Egyptians become better educated. This very fact is proof enough that overlordship by Anglo-Saxons is at best a fleeting thing, and at worst a tyranny that is more deeply resented as the intelligence of the people increases.

IMPROVING THE PIANO.

About 300,000 new pianos were, according to the official figures, made last year by American manufacturers. Obviously, nothing could have been more futile than the fears that this industry would be damaged by the automo-

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bile mania or the great output of musical phonographs. No doubt these had their effect; but it was more than counterbalanced by the vast number of instruments needed to go with the mechanical "piano players," the demand for which is now being supplied by more than seventy rival makers. There are many thousands of persons who would never have thought of buying a piano had not the application of the perforated-roll principle enabled them, after an hour's experience, to play pieces which, by the old method, would have required years of daily drudgery.

It is with some degree of amusement that we read the complaint of Ernst Fauer, written a quarter of a century ago, that the escape-movement and other improvements in the mechanism of the keyboard had lessened the earnest study on the part of the player which was formerly necessary for the production of tone and for securing a smooth execution. He would have been doubtless scandalized at the present-day "piano player," which relieves the performer of all finger work, leaving his hands and his mind free to attend to the expression alone. He would have good ground for contending that heretofore the mechanical players have left much to be desired in the production of tone and in the matter of accenting the melody. The tone problem still remains, no real substitute for the touch of the fingers having been found as yet; but recent ingenious inventions make it possible to emphasize the melody in a way which places such instruments on a much higher artistic level. The touch problem seems invincible; yet it is unsafe to prophesy, in view of the marvels already achieved. There are "players" which enable the performer to reproduce minutely all the details of phrasing and shading in the interpretations of masterworks by great pianists; others, which require no retracing performer at all, but give reproductions of the style of the great pianists as exact as the camera's copies of their faces. The very latest of the marvels is the promised conveyance, by electric wire, of a musician's performance to hundreds of homes, hundreds of miles apart, thus filling the "long-felt want" of having music on tap, like gas or water.

The popularization of the pianoforte (forty years ago the annual output was only about 25,000) has had as an inevitable result the cheapening of the instruments in quality as well as in price. The best pianos in the world are undoubtedly made in the United States, but only a very few firms can claim the credit. The average American piano is not equal to the average English, French, or German instrument; very often, indeed, it is so flimsy in construction as to be a fraud on the purchaser at any price. Fortunately, not only is a vigorous war being waged against the "stencil" piano, but a large number of firms are at this very moment raising their prices again, to avoid further lowering in quality, or to keep pace with the increased cost of production. It is only by a resolute move in this direction that American firms can hope ever to compete with the Germans in supplying satisfactory instruments for export to South America, Africa, Australia, India, and other countries with tropical climates. The German makers are credited with an income of several million dollars a year from such export sales.

So far as tone is concerned, the best American piano is a noble work of art, equal in its way to the violins of the old Italian makers. But the best piano, when we look at it from other points of view, is far from perfection. Compared with the clavichords and the harpsichords of the time of Bach and Handel, with their thin, brief, small tone, incapable of variation in loudness, the modern pianoforte is indeed a marvel of progress. Even Beethoven and Schubert had no premonition of the luscious beauty of tone, and the power of sustaining it which we enjoy. But in one respect the pianoforte is still far inferior to the voice, the violin, and the wind instruments: it lacks the power of increasing or decreasing the loudness of a tone or a chord after it has been struck, which is one of the most powerful media of musical emotion. Some judges hold that the individuality of the pianoforte would be marred if this defect and the comparative evanescence of its tone were overcome; yet it is difficult to see why this should be so. Its distinctive qualities would remain, but there would be added new aids to expression. A number of inventors have been at work on the problem of securing a crescendo and decrescendo for the pianoforte tone; and it is asserted that in one electric piano remarkable tone results have been achieved.

In one respect the makers of modern pianofortes are surprisingly and exasperatingly conservative. There can be no doubt that the keyboard of the instrument is capable of improvements which would make it much easier to overcome the technical difficulties of performance. As long ago as 1882 an Hungarian musician named Janko invented a new keyboard—or rather a set of keyboards—on which a single player can perform pieces that, on the ordinary keyboard, require two performers. It stands to that keyboard in the relation of the typewriter to the pen; yet it has been strangely neglected by builders and players alike, although there can be no doubt that it —or something similar—will have to be adopted by the virtuoso if he is to keep up with the mechanical "players" in the matter of technical brilliancy.

THE CENTENARY OF LONGFELLOW.

This is not the time, when the celebration of Longfellow's birth is taking on the form of a national *agapë*, to dwell heavily on his poetic shortcomings; if, indeed, it were ever time to deal so with the most beloved poet of our age. Let us grant what criticism has found to censure. We may rightly feel incensed at such churlish ignorance as that of Francis Gribble in *Putnam's* and the *Fortnightly*, to whom Longfellow was merely a "prig," who "had no characteristic" habit except that of "decorating his person," a "poet of the obvious and the humdrum," a man "equally devoid of humor and of passion," whose "intellectual outfit consists of a 'store suit' from a theological emporium." We have a right to be incensed at any magazine for printing so uncritical a diatribe. But, waiving this foolishness of conceit, we may still allow that Longfellow glozed the more intricate problems of life, and that his self-restraint in the face of passion was of a kind almost to argue some lack of depth in his emotional nature. Let us admit that his poetry was largely derivative. I do not mean that he was guilty of bald plagiarism, as Poe and some others have tried to show—for, as a matter of fact, greater poets than he have taken their own where they found it with a more royally predatory hand—but that kind of suggestiveness in his lines which continually recalls the same image or rhetorical device used by some earlier writer to other and better effect. Thus, we read in Longfellow:

> God sent his singers upon earth
> With songs of sadness and of mirth,
> That they might touch the hearts of men,
> And bring them back to heaven again—

and immediately we remember Keats:

> Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
> Ye have left your souls on earth!
> Have ye souls in heaven too,
> Double-lived in regions new?

It is too certainly true that an envious critic might fill columns of the *Nation* with parallels of this kind, where the similarity is just sufficient to draw attention to the comparative commonplace that runs through so much of Longfellow's writing. And yet withal he retains his hold in the affection of readers, cultivated and uncultivated alike. In fact one might even say that the failure to love and esteem his muse is a sign of that vitiated taste which cannot distinguish between the vulgar and the common, between what is flat and what is graciously simple.

For there is a gracious sweetness in Longfellow, which has rightly endeared him to the world. The quality is not equally present in all his work; its power increases for the most part in direct proportion to the difficulty of the rhythmical form he adopts. The weakness in his genius, as in that of the New England school generally to which he belonged, was an absence of resistance. There is a significant entry in Longfellow's Diary, under the date March 22, 1848: "He [Lowell] says he means never to write any more poetry—at least for many years; he 'cannot write slowly enough.'" One feels this lack of the inward check in much of Longfellow; the lines flow from him too smoothly and fluently; they have not been held back long enough to be steeped in the deeper and more obstinate emotions of the breast. When the proper

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resistance came to him, it was commonly the result of some check imposed by the difficulties of form, rather than of his own artistic inhibition. Thus of all his poems, the dramas in blank verse are probably the flattest, and as a rule his power increases with the intricacy of the rhymes employed. The rule is, of course, not without exceptions. To some readers the easy flow of the trochees in "Hiawatha" have the charm of a singing brook that bubbles over its pebbles all a summer's day. And occasionally in those free quatrains, whose secret he learned from Heine, and which seem so easy, but are really so difficult, he strikes a note that is rare enough in English. So, one sleepless night, he jots down in his Diary: "Nahant, September 8, 1880, four o'clock in the morning," and then turns the words into verse:

Four by the clock! and yet not day;
But the great world rolls and wheels away,
With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,
Into the dawn that is to be!

Only the lamp in the anchored bark
Sends its glimmer across the dark,
And the heavy breathing of the sea
Is the only sound that comes to me.

When reading these lines, it is easy to understand why Kipling reckoned Longfellow among the few poets who really knew the sea. No one who has spent much of his time on our Atlantic Coast can fail to be struck by the magic evocation of that second stanza—the night-bound shore, the single light low on the water, the sleepy wash of the waves. And it is in such evocations as these that we discover Longfellow's true part in the Teutonizing and romanticizing—if the word may be passed—of New England culture. From sources of German metaphysics, whether directly or indirectly from Fichte and Schelling and Schleiermacher, Emerson brought in his transcendental philosophy; from the same romantic school came the impulse that strengthened Hawthorne in his love of the weird and the strange, as also his peculiar isolation in the world; there Thoreau got his mystic nature cult—always, it need not be added, with differences caused by other surroundings and traditions. Longfellow brought from Germany the ideal of a world literature which should absorb the best of all lands; but more than that he imported into Cambridge the sentimental note that runs through German literature. He gave to our literature the romantic *Empfindsamkeit*, refined and qualified indeed by the purity and sweetness and strength of his own nature.

Such triumphs Longfellow wins now and then in the least resistant of metres, but his greater work, that on which his artistic fame will depend, is in the more elaborate forms, particularly the sonnet. Prof. C. E. Norton, who speaks of Longfellow with the authority of a friend and a critic, has prepared a sketch of Longfellow's life, with a selection of his autobiographic poems.* It is an excellent book for the occasion, but one could wish that he had, instead, brought together all the sonnets, with a study of Longfellow as an artist. For ripeness of style and imagery such a volume would stand easily at the head of American poetry; it would place Longfellow as a peer among the great sonnet writers of England. It would make but a slender volume—there are in all only seventy-seven sonnets, all, by the way, in the Italian form—but of what richness and variety of scope! Here would be those six magnificent sonnets prefixed to the translation of Dante, together with those on Shakespeare and Chaucer and Milton. For personal emotion we should have his single love-poem, the sonnet to "My morning and my evening star of love"; and that on "The Cross of Snow," written eighteen years after the burning of his wife and discovered in his portfolio after his death. Here, in the sonnets to Agassiz and Felton and Sumner, the long friendships of his life would find expression. His tender solicitude for children speaks in "A Shadow"; nature and the sea inspire others; his reserved, yet earnest, part in the abolition movement and the war gives pathetic dignity to "A Nameless Grave," which Howells has signalized for its perfect grace and ease; his reminiscences of European travel give color to "Venice," "The River Rhone," and half-a-dozen others; the sad fortitude of his old age finds utterance in this last sonnet he was to write, his farewell inscribed to "My Books":

Sadly, as some old mediæval knight
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,
The sword two-handed and the shining shield
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,
While secret longings for the lost delight
Of tourney or adventure in the field
Came over him, and tears but half-concealed
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,
So I behold these books upon their shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other days;
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
For they remind me of my former self,
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways
In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

These are but glimpses of the riches in little room that a book of Longfellow's sonnets would offer. They would set forth to unbelievers an artist of rare tact and power, and they would be the best commemoration of the sweetest character that ever revealed itself in rhymes.

P. E. M.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A Sketch of his Life. By Charles Eliot Norton. Together with Longfellow's Chief Autobiographical Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI.

I.

Giosuè Carducci died at Bologna on February 15, after an illness of several years, which had latterly almost completely darkened his many-sided and brilliant genius. Since the death of Tennyson he had been the most eminent lyric poet in Europe—a poet still unduly neglected outside of his own country, too robust to be made the idol of a fashionable cult, too disdainful and too exacting to be contented with troops of pliant disciples.

Carducci was born July 27, 1836, at Valdicastello, Tuscany, his father being a country physician, his mother a Florentine who could trace her ancestry back to a gonfaloniere in the days of the republic. The boy passed his early years in the Maremma, and then removed with his parents to Florence, where he studied in the College of the Scolopian Brothers. He seems also to have attended the University at Pisa for a while, after which he undertook to support himself by teaching and by editing the Italian classics for Barbèra. He soon attracted notice, and Mamiani, minister of education, being impressed by his ability, appointed him, in 1860, professor of Italian literature in the University of Bologna. That post he held for over forty years, until, owing to failing health, he reluctantly accepted a special pension from the Government. Of such a career the real events are the intellectual campaigns and the books, the ideas sown in the minds of receptive pupils, the slowly broadening influence, and the ultimate triumph.

Never was there a professor less pedantic than Carducci, never one better fitted to be the interpreter of literature. He was a scholar of the best German type; one who pored over texts and codices; who was familiar with all the apparatus of the philologian; a tireless ransacker for the last fact, the elusive final link, to complete a chain of evidence; an insatiable reader; a stickler for perfection in line and word and comma. Yet all this was but the beginning. His pupils in the classroom met a critic of sure taste and contagious enthusiasm, a poet whose genius etherealized his stores of information, and who dreaded lest mere erudition become "a funeral shroud." Since Schiller taught at Jena no such poet had sat in a professor's chair; but Carducci was, what Schiller was not, a profound and careful scholar as well as a great poet.

In person, Carducci was short, and in later years stout; but he had a massive, shapely head, large enough for a man of heroic size, very impressive with its wealth of hair and beard, and most noticeable for the eyes, which fastened on the person or object before them as if they would literally grasp and penetrate and absorb. Carducci had an astonishing capacity for work—he could toil eight or ten hours at a stretch; could even take recreation in reading proofs for an hour, and then go back to his main task. He cultivated his naturally strong memory, so that he knew almost all of Virgil and Horace, Tibullus and Catullus, by heart, not to speak of Dante, Petrarch, and the later Italian poets. He had a thorough acquaintance with French literature, and a sympathetic knowledge of German, although over the alcove containing his German books he put the sign, "I Barbari." English, also, he read fluently, and he was an enthusiastic admirer of Shelley, on whom he wrote a brief but penetrating critique. He had a very responsive nature—witness that story of his bursting into tears after Pescarella read him some sonnets on Rome. He was quick and sometimes petulant, but forgiving and ready to ask forgiveness. And in spite of the immense respect he enjoyed in his last years, he seems to have kept himself unspoiled by either fame or flattery.

II.

In his professorship Carducci set himself several important tasks. First, he insisted on scholarship; surface impressions of books, dilettante likes and dislikes, would not do for him. Next, he laid stress on taste, the cultivation of the critical faculty through acquaintance with the abiding elements in literature. Finally, he never ceased to apply literature to life, to show that its usefulness and its glory depend upon its power to represent life; that it shall not merely reproduce, after the fashion of the photographic camera, the facts visible to the outward eye, but embody the passions and hopes, the consecration and the poet's dream.

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The most scrupulous of artists himself, he scorned the formula "Art for art's sake," behind which lurk now the vacuous and the conventional, and now the lubricious, the shameless, and the obscene. He applauded Manzoni for having by "truth" renewed the literary and civic conscience of Italy. "And since *truth*," he said, "conceived under all its aspects by a great and serene intellect, by a lofty and pure nature, becomes of itself *ideality*, I applaud the art of Alessandro Manzoni in its wholeness"—a single sentence which sums up an entire creed.

Carducci as a professor became popular, but not through condescension or the shallow, genial arts by which teachers sometimes try to win the favor of their classes. He was brusque: he tolerated no slackness in work, no slipshod behavior. "This is very bad," was often his remark in handing back a thesis: but then he would go on to soften the effect of his condemnation by pointing out the better way; and he never failed to discern real merit or to give it generous encouragement. So the flower of Italian youth went to sit under him, and to hear not only what was for Italy a new and compelling gospel of literature and criticism, but fiery outpourings on manhood and patriotism and life. "Let not the weak, the anemic, the skeptical, come to provoke us," he exclaimed in an address to the students of Padua; "let them not come to deprive us of the Ideal, to deprive us of God. Recreants! The Ideal was so stored up in our fathers' souls and in ours that, merely in freeing itself and confounding the false prophets, it revealed a people to itself, renewed a nation, determined the fate of an historic epoch. The God of love and of sacrifice, the God of life and of the future, the God of the people, and of humanity, is in us, with us, and for us."

At another time he uttered this solemn appeal:

> Young men of Italy, your fathers and your brothers gave their soul and their blood to their country: you give your talents. A melancholy rumor is abroad—and even among us lips but not hearts repeat it—that tells of the decline and eclipse of the Latin races. Oh, we desire neither to be quenched nor to rot! Rally in your hearts, O youth, the constancy and the glory of the mighty sires who made the revolution of the Communes and the Renaissance, who discovered new continents for human industry, new fields for art, new methods for science. Love art and science, love them with a true love: love them for themselves, much more than for the gains they may bear you, much more than for the praise they may procure you: love them as the exercise and the manifestation in which the nobility of man is most apparent, in which the worth of the nations perpetuates itself forever. Be good and have faith: have faith in love, in virtue, in justice: have faith in the high destinies of the human race, which mounts, glorious, along the ways of its ideal transformation. And it shall surely come to pass that science shall fortify you, that art shall comfort you, that your country shall bless you.

This was a message which the youth of Italy needed to hear even more than literary criticism. No wonder that Carducci became their leader and prophet; the greater wonder is, seeing how seldom the miracle is performed in academic experience, that his preaching in nowise interfered with his scholarly exactions. He dared to rhapsodize without harboring the ignoble fear that some pedantic colleague would whisper against him the damning epithet "popular." In the large sense he was not and is not popular; but like Matthew Arnold he diffused his ideas through a body of sympathetic pupils, who in turn have distributed them far and wide. During the last twenty years of his life he had the satisfaction of knowing that no line of poetry and no page of criticism worthy of attention was written in Italy that did not bear the trace of his influence. Other schools, other movements, other fashions have come forward, but they all acknowledge his presence, by what they reject, if not by what they adopt.

III.

Carducci's prose, which fills ten or twelve volumes, consists first of formal studies in literary criticism—such, for instance, are his work on "The Evolution of National Literature," the study of the Ode, and the remarkable survey of the literature of the Risorgimento; next, there are essays, half-critical, half-biographical, on great literary figures—Dante, Muratori, Metastasio, Manzoni; then there are commemorative addresses; and, finally, what we may call personal confessions on politics, art, criticism, and conduct, called forth by inquiry or by attack. On any scale, Carducci will rank among the few master critics of the age. He has insight as well as knowledge, taste as well as comprehensiveness. He understands not only the historic position, but the intrinsic value of the makers of literature, and so he infallibly reaches the human residue in every author and in every book. Critics who stop short of that, palm off on us easy formulas of heredity and environment to explain the mysteries of genius.

In nothing does Carducci's generous nature display itself more attractively than in his commemorative eulogies. He has the courage of his enthusiasms, and his pages glow with admiration and affection for Aurelio Saffi and Goffredo Mameli, for Garibaldi and Manzoni and Victor Hugo, for Leopardi and Shelley, for Alberto Mario and Maria Gozzadini. His rhapsody on Garibaldi—a gem of Romanticism—written at a sitting, has become classic in Italy, and may stand as a model of that sort of eloquence. In English, our growing distrust of rhetoric has put such flights out of vogue. Shelley in his "Defence of Poetry" is perhaps the last Englishman whose sustained achievement cannot be questioned, although Ruskin, still later, soared sunward in many a magnificent passage; but too often the rhetorical flyers have only the wings of Icarus, and meet his fate. Carducci, however, just because he was a poet and an Italian, to whom it was natural to give expression to burning emotions in burning phrase, made even his prose dithyrambs genuine.

His personal confessions, though frequently of vital importance on the autobiographic side, have the least permanent literary interest. He indulged in sarcasm that was too subtle, and in allusions or parallels that were too remote. More than once—as when, in 1868, he hurled scorn at those who wished to banish him from the university for political reasons, or when, in 1881, he replied to the critics of his "Levia Gravia"—he missed the opportunity of matching Shelley's rejoinder to Lord Ellenborough or Mazzini's crushing invective against De Tocqueville and Falloux. On such occasions the literary artificer in him seemed to get the upper hand: indeed, although he had a strong man's capacity for indignation and scorn, he spoke most naturally and most victoriously when love, friendship, and ideals moved him.

IV.

But great as he is as prose writer, critic, and leader, it is as poet that he holds the supreme place in modern Italy; it is as poet that his fame will endure, and that he will become more than a name outside of Italy. He began to write verse at the age of eleven, and during his boyhood he printed fugitive pieces. He grew up in the fifties in the heyday of Romanticism. The struggle for Italian independence, borne forward on the great wave of Liberalism, found its true spokesman among the Romanticists. But although Carducci was fired by patriotism, his intellectual and æsthetic elements recoiled from Romanticism. He devoured the masters of Latin literature, studied Latin religion and history, and revelled in the Renaissance with its apparent reproduction of Paganism. In 1858 he edited, together with other young enthusiasts, a journal which they called *Il Poliziano*—after the typical Humanist—and which they made the vehicle of a recall to Classicism. Its chief result was Carducci himself. His poems, inspired more and more by Pagan or Humanistic ideals, made their way slowly. Not until 1865, when he published the "Hymn to Satan," did he reach the general public. The "Hymn" created a scandal, was hotly denounced, and generally misunderstood; for the Satan glorified by Carducci is not the Principle of Evil, but a latter-day Prometheus, the implacable adversary of sullen and joyless creeds, of worn-out deities and corrupt ecclesiasticism. In 1871 Carducci issued his "Levia Gravia," which marks another stage in his progress towards the complete repudiation of Romanticist form and Christian substance. Finally, in 1878, he brought out the first series of "Odi Barbare," in which he attempted to revolutionize Italian prosody. Abandoning rhyme and the traditional metres of his country, he imitated the verse-forms of Horace, taking care that his themes should be treated from the classic point of view. A storm of criticism burst upon him. It was easy to point out that the Latin, with its more solid word-units, its quantity, and its inflections, is a very different metrical instrument from the Italian, with its more plastic word-units, its accent, and its looser construction. The battle raged for many years, and was renewed when Carducci flung a second and third series of "Odi Barbare" into the arena. It can hardly be said that the question has been settled yet. Few foreigners, certainly, find pleasure in the metrical intricacies of the "Odi," and no Italians, although they have been trying for a quarter of a century to imitate them, have succeeded in equalling Carducci. If we may hazard a temporary verdict, we may say that a remarkable genius, with extraordinary finesse as a metricist, achieved a success which proved his genius, but not his theory. The poems themselves are often very beautiful, and are among the most precious poetic treasures of the age; but like the best poems of Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," the world accepts them because they are genuine poetry, and not

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because they illustrate a new doctrine in prosody.

As to the content of Carducci's poetry, its Humanism, Paganism, Hellenism—for it has each of these qualities—we cannot speak at length here. It is a fine theme, awaiting the properly equipped critic. Classicism, or "the classic spirit," is one of the most abused terms in literary criticism. It is applied alike to Keats's "Endymion," to Landor's "Hellenics," and to Swinburne's mongrel Greek dramas. In the case of Carducci we should ask not only, Has he fumigated his mind of all Christian-Romanticist instincts and prepossessions? but also, Has he really attained the Pagan outlook? Can a man of the nineteenth century, by whatever conscious effort or unconscious affinity, be able to see life as Horace or Catullus saw it—no more, no less—unalloyed by the least hint of the tremendous experience which eighteen hundred years have graven into the memory of the race?

To understand modern Italy one must remember the four historical layers which underlie it. First, there is the Italic, or Pagan; next, the Mediæval Christian, of which Dante is the consummate representative; third, the Renaissance; and, last, the National-Patriotic. You can usually classify Italians according as one or another of these strains predominates. The singular fact about Carducci is, that, although he voluntarily planted himself in the first, he could not exile himself from the others. Few men have ever felt more powerfully Dante's spell; few critics have ever written more illuminatingly about the "Divine Comedy" and the "Canzoniere" than the Humanist who rejected the religion in which Dante found final truth. Patriotism was for Carducci almost a religion, and it is doubtless the many patriotic poems, some of them magnificent in form and message, which have endeared him to masses of his countrymen who cared little about technical disputes over his "Odi Barbare." A fervent disciple of Mazzini, Carducci clung to his early republican ideals until long after the unification of Italy; then he accepted the monarchy, and consented to be appointed a Senator, not because he had fallen a victim, as some irreconcilables gossiped, to court blandishments, but because he set the union and independence of Italy above partisan claims, and saw that, for the present at least, it is the monarchy and not the republic which can best serve Italy's needs.

Carducci never flattered any one; least of all would he have flattered those in power. He spared no criticism of politics or education or literature or social standards. He scourged the "Byzantinism" of his countrymen, who seemed to settle back, after their splendid achievement of unity, into a self-complacent, materialistic existence. He held ever before them the ideal Italy, for which they must strive. And they ended by admiring him. He brought to them the example of vigor, the shining gifts of genius, the daily stimulus of character. As professor he had been neglected, as critic derided, as poet attacked—yet he kept on his way unshaken: little by little he saw the tide turn, and he lived to be honored by an entire nation. The Italians, obeying a wise intuition, would place him beside Cavour and Mazzini, Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel: first, the heroes who do, then the poet, who immortalizes the heroic deeds. Whatever estimate posterity may set on Carducci's works, there can be no dispute as to his life; in him genius and character were perfectly blended.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

To celebrate the removal of the Royal Library at Copenhagen to its new quarters, its chief librarian, H. O. Lange, has issued a volume of bibliographical essays entitled "Analecta Bibliographica," in which he traces the steps of some of the earliest printers in Denmark. The art was introduced into that kingdom by Johan Snell, a North German if Lange's conjecture is right, a Hollander if we follow Chr. Brunn and G. E. Klemming. The only book that is known to bear his name in a Danish imprint is Caorsin's "Obsidio Rhodiana," which he printed in Odense in 1482. The type with which it is printed is found to be one of the two used in the "Breviarium Othinense," of which only an incomplete copy is known; the other "Breviarium" type is identical with that used in some other books and broadsides, all in Latin, and printed during the years 1480 to 1482. The "Breviarium" has hitherto been ascribed to an unknown printer in Lübeck; most of the other books have been unknown, until Lange discovered them. He shows conclusively that all these must be ascribed to Snell, and that, while he printed the others somewhere in North Germany, presumably in Lübeck, the "Breviarium Othinense" undoubtedly was printed in Odense. Another printer treated in the volume before us is Govaerts van Ghemen, who printed in Holland from 1486 to 1488, and in Copenhagen between 1490 and 1510.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will hold its most important auction so far this season on February 26, 27, and 28. The catalogue, made up of rarities from various sources, includes the library of Dr. H. S. Fuller of Hartford, Conn. The one book which stands preëminent is a thin little volume with the interesting title: "Des Sauvages, ou, Voyage de Samuel Champlain du Brovage, fait en la France nouvelle," without date on title, but with "privilege" dated November 15, 1603. This, the first issue of Champlain's first printed work, is one of the rarest of books. Robert Hoe owns a copy, and there are copies in the John Carter Brown and Lenox libraries and in the British Museum, but no copy seems ever before to have been offered at public sale. There is a second issue, made up apparently from the same sheets, but differing slightly in the preliminary leaves. The title-page of that second issue bears the date 1604. A dated copy which brought $400 in the Ives sale in 1891 is now owned by J. Pierpont Morgan. Among items of Americana of less importance may be noted Peters's "General History of Connecticut," 1781, the first edition; Pownall's "Topographical Description of North America," 1776, with the large map; Sprengel's little "Historisches Taschenbuch" for 1784, containing an account of the Revolutionary war in America, and illustrated with a series of eighteen little engravings by Chodowiecki, as well as several colored plates. The four editions of Ptolemy's Geography are notable. The Ulm edition of 1482 contains the earliest engraved map showing the configuration of Greenland. Murphy's copy brought $85 in 1884, and a copy at Sotheby's in 1901 brought £68. The edition of 1511 has a large general map (printed separately and not found in all copies) which shows "Terra Laboratorus" as a large island, and shows also Hispaniola, Cuba, and part of South America. Murphy's copy sold in 1884 for $95, and Barlow's in 1890 for $115. The edition of 1513 is also important, as the "Tabula Terre Nove" which it contains is one of the earliest printed maps devoted entirely to the New World. Murphy's copy brought $110 in 1884, and Barlow's $150 in 1890. The fourth Ptolemy is a late edition, Basle, 1552, and of less interest. The sale includes a long series of old English quarto plays, mostly of the Restoration period, no less than 140 lots. In the list are works by Beaumont and Fletcher, Thomas Carew, Sir William Davenant, John Dennis, Dryden, Tom Durfey, Sir George Etherege, Nathaniel Lee, Marlowe, Massinger, Otway, Shadwell, Vanbrugh, Wycherley, and others. Among early English books, not dramatic, are Allot's "England's Parnassus, or the Choysest Flowers of our Modern Poets," 1600; Gower's "Confessione Amantis," Berthelet's edition, 1554; Chalkhill's "Thealma and Clearchus," 1683; Bancroft's "Two Books of Epigrammes," 1639; Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea," two editions, 1648 and 1658; "All the Works of John Taylor, the Water Poet," 1630, with the rare engraved title by T. Cockson. Among the more modern books are Keats's "Endymion," 1818, and "Lamia, Isabella and the Eve of St. Agnes," 1820; Lamb's "Elia," 1823, second issue, but in immaculate condition, in original boards, uncut, and, except for one signature, unopened; a set of the four numbers of that famous Pre-Raphaelite periodical, the *Germ*, a presentation copy from W. M. Rossetti; a nearly complete set of the publications of the Grolier Club, publications of the Bibliophile Society, and sets of the works of various standard authors on large paper.

Stan. V. Henkels of Philadelphia will offer at auction on February 22 and 23 a collection of autograph letters and historical documents. The catalogue enumerates diaries, letters, and documents of Washington; letters of Revolutionary officers, of Presidents and their Cabinets, signers of the Declaration of Independence, members of the Old Congress, American and British authors, crowned heads, and prominent men of Colonial times. There is also an interesting lot of papers relating to Wyoming.

The date for the Van Antwerp sale at Sotheby's has been fixed as March 22 and 23. Catalogues will be in the hands of American bidders in a day or two.

Correspondence.

OPEN SHELVES AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for February 7, N. D. C. Hodges of the Public Library of Cincinnati expresses surprise at what you said January 10, to the effect that the "open shelves" hobby of a few years ago was fall-

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ing into disrepute in American libraries; that is, the larger libraries. I, in turn, am surprised at Mr. Hodges.

Does he take an annual inventory? Business men do, a library should. I find no mention of such inventory in his latest received report, although he speaks casually of 105 books lost. If that is all a thorough inventory would show, he is certainly very fortunate, for the Providence, R. I., Public Library, with open shelves, reports, "with lamentations and loud moans," 1,796 volumes stolen in two years—forty-five volumes stolen in three months from one small department, the Industrial Library, alone; and "it has been impossible to discover the thief or check the thieving." (See Report for December 31, 1905.) The Boston Public Library, in its annual report for 1905, gives 1,200 volumes stolen in that year, and, like the Providence library, is at a loss to know what to do. These are but two cases; there are others in plenty—a growing number.

In the case of small libraries where all books are under the immediate supervision of the assistants, the open shelf system will, no doubt, continue to be followed as it always has been.

I venture to inclose my views on the subject—in a paper read before the Illinois State Library Association at East St. Louis, February 22, 1900—when the hurrah for open shelves first broke out with violence; and later experience confirms what I then said.

E. S. WILLCOX.

Public Library, Peoria, Ill., February 9.

Notes.

The following books are on the list of E. P. Dutton & Co. for immediate publication: "The Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop)," "A Vision of India," by Sidney Low; "The Old Country," by Henry Newbolt; "The Return to the Land," by Senator Jules Méline, with preface by Justin McCarthy; "Studies in Seven Arts," by Arthur Symons; "Richard III.: His Life and Character in the Light of Recent Research," by Sir Clements R. Markham; "The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands: A Political and Economic History and a Study in Practical Statesmanship," by J. Ellis Barker; "Heidelberg: Its Princes and Its Palaces," by Elizabeth Godfrey.

L. C. Page & Co. announce the following books for this spring: "The Italian Lakes," by W. D. McCrackan; "Prisoners of Fortune," by R. P. Smith; "The Rome Express," by Major Arthur Griffiths; "The Morning Glory Club," by G. A. Kyle; "Hunters of the Silences," by C. G. D. Roberts; "Mystery Island," by Harry Hurst; "The Flying Cloud," by Morley Roberts; "The Lady of the Blue Motor," by Sidney Paternoster, and "Tenants of the Trees," by Clarence Hawkes.

The biography of Frederick A. Douglass, by Booker T. Washington, will be published this month by George W. Jacobs & Co.

About the end of the month, Henry Holt & Co. will have ready a biography of Julie de Lespinasse, by the Marquis de Ségur, who has just been elected a member of the French Academy. The book is said to give a good deal of new information in regard to that heroine of passion, and to refute many of the calumnies that have clung to her name.

A fourth edition (Paul Elder & Co.) of Edward Robeson Taylor's "Sonnets from the Trophies of José-Maria de Heredia" proves both the interest of Heredia for English readers and the vitality of Mr. Taylor's translation.

Crabbe's Poems, edited by A. W. Ward, are now completed by a third volume in the Cambridge English Classics (Putnams), which contains nearly a hundred pages in small type of verse hitherto unpublished. Dr. Ward has had access not only to the five MS. books now in the possession of the Cambridge University Press, but to other material of the same nature. Hence these new poems, mostly fragmentary and unfinished, and, to be honest, of no particular value, but tempting to all lovers of the poet, whose reputation, we suspect, is steadily rising to-day, despite Professor Woodberry's patronizing "We have done with Crabbe"—or words to that effect published long ago in the *Atlantic*. For those, if any such there be, who wish to study Crabbe minutely, Dr. Ward's carefully collated text, bibliography, and fresh material will be indispensable. And to the general reader, also, who does not own the eight-volume edition of 1834, or one of the other early editions issued by John Murray, the present publication offers Crabbe in the most comfortable form.

The army of Omar versions still grows, and the last, by George Roe, has a fairer claim than most to consideration. ("Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"; A. C. McClurg & Co.). For one thing, it is honest. His one hundred and fourteen quatrains are really made from Persian texts and are conscientious renderings. An elaborate array of marginal references gives all the texts in which each is found and the translators who have previously rendered each. The foot-notes are not the usual banalities of Omarians, but give various readings, double meanings, and Oriental comments. The "differentia" of the translation is an attempt neither to sacrifice good sense to literality nor the meaning of the Persian to picturesqueness. It is really successful; but the question may rise whether the real Omar has not vanished under it—not the Omar who died at Nishapur A. D., 1123, but the mystical Omar, forever reborn in the hearts of men, whose form is illusion and whose substance mutability. To the philosophical astronomer all this would only give thoughts on the mystery of personality and identity, and perhaps some quips on the eccentricity of the sphere. But if any wish to hold the temporary in the eternal, he will find help in Mr. Roe's workmanlike little book.

"Reminiscences of a Sportsman," by J. Parker Whitney, is published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York. Just why either author or publisher should allow nearly five hundred pages of exceedingly interesting reminiscences to go forth without any division into chapters, any table of contents, any index, or even any topical headlines over the single pages, is a problem of which we can imagine no solution. To this external defect must be added unusually careless proofreading, and a tendency in the author to a needless lawlessness in choice (or, rather, creation) of words and forms of expression. The reader soon forgets these defects, however, in his interest in the intensely active and varied life which Mr. Whitney has led. Mr. Whitney's own career nicely illustrates the ethical development of sportsmanship during the past half-century. In his early life he could take several hundred trout in one day with no qualms of conscience, but he finds it impossible to relate the story of those days now without frequent apologies and assertions of his adherence to the higher standards which thoughtful sportsmen are trying to establish. His early adventures gave him a taste of pioneer life in California, Colorado, and New Mexico. His interest in the mineral development of Colorado led to his appointment as Commissioner for Colorado to the Paris Exposition of 1867. His visits to New Mexico brought him into frequent contact with Tucker, the famous sheriff of Grant County, who was a whole vigilance committee in himself during the period of transition from unmitigated border outlawry to conditions which would admit of the safe development of the Territory's resources. In New Mexico Mr. Whitney made the acquaintance of Gen. Grant and Lew Wallace. Indeed, one of the most interesting features of his reminiscences is the wide range of personal acquaintances and friendships which it came in his way to form, not only in this country, but across the water as well. As a sportsman, the rod is his choice rather than the gun, and he has little to say of other game fishes in comparison with the brook trout and the salmon. He is an old devotee of the Rangeley lake region, claiming for the Rangeley trout a decided superiority over all competitors. In salmon angling he is credited with the original introduction of sportsmanlike methods of taking the Pacific salmon in the sea, with light rod and fine line, performing a service somewhat similar to that of C. F. Holder in the capture of the leaping tuna.

The second volume of the "Records of the Virginia Company of London" (Library of Congress) is issued, and brings the story down to the practical confiscation of the records by the King. The colonizing venture had not proved very successful, and the money returns were not sufficient to quiet the shareholders, some of whom organized an opposition and provoked the King's interference. The text now appears in full for the first time, and all the excellences noted in the first volume are continued in the second. The index is, unfortunately, entirely inadequate, and it is difficult to see on what plan it was prepared.

The sixth volume of Gaillard Hunt's "Writings of James Madison" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) covers the years 1790 to 1802. Madison becomes the partisan, breaking from his Federalist connections and falling under the absolute sway of Jefferson. In the early years he is active in criticising and opposing Hamilton's plans, and in 1801 he accepts the office of Secretary of State in Jefferson's Administration. As a critic he was not strong, and his controversial writings are somewhat dull reading; but his letters and essays throw much light upon the course of national politics, and mark his progress in republicanism. Mr. Hunt has been obliged to omit much of

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Madison's correspondence, and thus the Rives edition is still necessary to the student. But, in compensation, Mr. Hunt has given a more accurate text, has placed the newspaper writings in their proper locations, and, best of all, has drawn largely upon Madison's official papers while Secretary of State, a field almost wholly neglected by previous editors. The printing of so many speeches is of doubtful utility, as the reporting of that day was notoriously defective, and these summaries can only be comprehended from their context in the "Annals." The space thus occupied could have been better employed by including more of the correspondence, and especially the letters to Jefferson. The notes of the editor are judicious and accurate. He borrows from Conway the erroneous statement that Paine was urged for a "Cabinet" position. The postmaster-general was not then a Cabinet officer.

It is a pleasure to welcome a tenth edition of Professor Holland's classic work, "The Elements of Jurisprudence." The ninth edition was but a reprint of that of 1896, but the author has now had time to revise the work with care, and to add, especially in the notes, much new material. For instance, he often refers to the German Empire's "Bürgerliches Gesetzbuch" and to Edward Jenks's "Digest of English Civil Law," of which the first book came out in 1905. Fortunate is the *magnum opus* which can be revised and brought up to date by the hand which produced it twenty-seven years ago!

"Land Reform" (Longmans, Green & Co.), by Jesse Collings, M. P., the well-known supporter of Mr. Chamberlain and president of the Rural Laborers' League, is a book of which certain parts are extremely interesting, though they appear in somewhat confused array. The work was finished in 1905, and, as its publication was delayed for a year, some of its statements are already slightly out of date. It opens with a discussion of the principles of the Purchase of Land bill, introduced into the House of Commons by the author two years ago. Next follow seven excellent chapters containing a fairly full history of the origin and growth of the present English land system, and particularly of the gradual disappearance of peasant proprietorship. Lastly, a third division of nine chapters sets forth the arguments for and against the various proposals which have been made for the revival of British agriculture and the encouragement of small holdings. The question of "fiscal reform," *i. e.*, protection, is dealt with in two chapters. A special interest is given to the writer's views by the fact, often referred to in the notes, that he is himself the son of an English peasant. Notwithstanding his somewhat pessimistic opinions, it is remarkable how much, even in the case of women workers, England has already done to bring the population back to the land. The present Government may safely be counted upon to encourage that movement.

John Reichert, for over twenty years clerk of the vestry of St. George's Church, New York, and secretary of the former rector, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, has made a complete compilation, with the cooperation of Dean George Hodges of Cambridge, of the methods of administration of the manifold activities of St. George's parish ("The Administration of an Institutional Church." Harper & Bros.). Everything connected with the work of the church—the buildings, system of records, services and societies for different classes of parishioners, charitable activities, financial methods—is carefully described and well illustrated.

A critic of theological books has often to inquire with astonishment what principles or sentiments have governed churches in the selection of their heretics. Not infrequently one runs across a treatise, orthodox to the point of dulness, which bears on its title the name of some divine who has been disciplined for wrong opinion. For example, the Rev. Joseph Agar Beet, who fell under the ban of the English Methodists some years ago, issues "A Manual of Theology" (A. C. Armstrong & Son), which is wearisome with proof texts and which would certainly seem to defend enough of accepted doctrine to entitle its author to full rights and privileges in the company of conservative theologians. One discerns on every page the gentle spirit of a man truly devout and open-minded, but it is none the less evident that the author is altogether in the bonds of outgrown theological method. In view of this general attitude Dr. Beet's slight aberrations in the matter of an intermediate state after death, which come to light again in this volume, appear almost negligible. The range of subjects is somewhat larger than in most manuals of doctrinal theology, and topics connected with the future life are treated with special fulness.

Prof. Carl Hilty has a peculiar position among German writers as a preacher of what may be called religious culture—a culture, that is, which should be based first on knowledge of the classics as the best discipline for the young, and after that on Christianity as the best guide for the mature. His "Happiness" has already been presented to English readers, and now a second volume of essays on "The Steps of Life" has been translated by Melvin Brandow and published, with an introduction by Prof. F. G. Peabody of Harvard, by the Macmillan Company.

Prof. Luigi Fontana-Russo's "Trattato di Politica Commerciale" (Milan: U. Hoepli) is a well-considered treatise which combines, as Italian economic writing not infrequently does, German thoroughness with French appreciation of form. The first book treats excellently the theory of international trade, the second deals with the theory of commercial policy, and the third considers the technique of commercial regulation. A long review would be needed to do justice to the skill with which the author has executed his task. In his theoretical chapters the treatment of the doctrine of comparative cost is particularly noteworthy, and the discussion of the practical question of free trade versus protection is marked by fairness and sound judgment. The work is decidedly solid, abounding in helpful information skilfully combined with theoretical discussion; and it will be indispensable to the careful student of the subject.

The writers of Italy, on January 21 last, presented an inscribed shield of gold to the veteran novelist, journalist, and poet, Anton Giulio Barrili. His own city of Genoa has paid him the distinguished honor of a two days' fête. Honorary citizenships have been showered upon him by many municipalities. Perhaps no author of our times has been more sympathetic to the entire Italian people. Of an admirable simplicity, whether as soldier, journalist, or man of letters, Barrili has written very frankly to amuse himself and others. The eighty volumes which he has produced almost without artistic preoccupation, are not of the sort that make for permanent fame. They constitute, however, a winning record of much that is best in modern Italian life. To parallel so sturdy and valuable a chronicle of the middle class of a nation, one must go back to Trollope. To a foreign reader Barrili's books differ singularly little from each other in glory. All give a faithful if slightly sentimentalized picture of the little world, all present the grace, curiously rare in contemporary Italian letters, of a rich and abundant humor. Patriotism has been implicit in all his work, and he is giving his later years to the assembling and rewriting of such history and legend as he feels best express the soul of his race. In all he is an eminently genial and Italian figure—a wholesome contrast to the rather depressing cosmopolitanism that prevails below the Alps.

Through the death of Graziadio Isaia Ascoli, at Milan, January 22, Italy loses her most famous philologist. He was born in Gorizia, Friuli—whose dialect he assiduously studied—July 16, 1829. From 1861 until a few years ago he had taught the comparative philology of the classic and neo-Latin tongues, at the Accademia Scientifico-Litterario, Milan, occupying the first chair of the science of language established in Italy. Like most scholars in his branch, his success in viva-voce instruction was small. His impressive personality and his proverbial severity repelled all except the most serious students. Through his writings, however, and his own review, *Archivio Glottologico*, founded in 1873, he exercised a potent influence upon linguistic study in Italy, turning it towards phonetics. In 1854, under the title *Studii Orientali e Linguistici*, he attempted to start a philological review. It stopped, to be sure, at the second issue, but enough had appeared to give him recognition beyond the Alps. On assuming his chair in 1861, he put forth the first volume of "Studii Critici," the second following in 1877. In 1870 he collected many of his academic lectures under the caption "Corsi di Glottologia." The sub-title, "Fonologia Comparata del Sanscrito, del Greco, e del Latino," gives a better idea of the scope of his most important work. In it he attacked and upset the consecrated theory of Pott that the Indo-European language had a very limited scale of vowels and consonants. Pott's view, based on the overappreciation of Sanscrit, has, it is needless to say, been long abandoned. In the early volumes of the *Archivio* were printed those specimens of Italian dialects, "Saggi Ladini," which forecast the modern tendency to emphasize the philological value of the popular dialects, as throwing light upon the history and processes of development of a language. Ascoli's anticipation of the course of philology for the generation just passed must be reckoned among those notable examples of in-

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tuition in which Italian scholarship has always abounded. Its weakness is discursiveness and inaccuracy, defects from which Ascoli was by no means free. He spent much time on such unfruitful researches as the relations of the Semitic and Indo-European language. He was a Celticist and burrowed in the shifting sands of Romany. Scholars of German training would probably regard him as much of a dilettante in spite of his prodigious learning and indubitable insight. This would be doing him scant justice, for his insight, considering his isolated position, amounted to genius. Until his old age he lacked the stimulus of association with his equals and the support of a compact corps of disciples. His death, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, removes one of the most venerated figures in the academic life of Italy.

The death last Thursday of Dr. Franz J. von Rottenburg, at Bonn, Germany, removes another statesman of Prince Bismarck's generation. Dr. von Rottenburg was born at Danzig, Prussia, in 1845, and studied at Heidelberg. After holding various offices, he became in 1881 chief of the Imperial Chancery, and, as confidential adviser to Prince Bismarck, he exerted a powerful influence upon German politics for nearly ten years. In 1896, on account of ill-health, he resigned from the service of the state and became curator of the University of Bonn, an office which he occupied until his death. He was the author of a study on "The Theory of the State," published in 1877, and of essays on the French Ultramontane Movement, and the French Revolution, which were printed anonymously. Eight years ago he came to this country to receive the degree of LL.D. from Yale.

Last Thursday the French Academy elected two new immortals: Maurice Donnay and the Marquis de Ségur in place of Albert Sorel and Edmond Rousse, deceased. Donnay is a dramatic writer who has long been a favorite with the public, and represents the wit and sentiment of the Boulevards. Ségur is an historian of distinction, whose latest work will be found announced elsewhere in the *Nation* to-day.

MODERN ENGLAND.

A History of Modern England. By Herbert Paul. Volume V. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

With this fifth volume Mr. Paul brings to an end his history of England in our own time. We have already, in reviewing the earlier volumes, sufficiently described the character of his historical method and his literary execution. That execution has some evident merits. The writing is always bright, keen, often epigrammatic. The narrative moves briskly along. The judgments are delivered clearly and with a positiveness which leaves the reader in no doubt about the author's view. Though Mr. Paul has decided opinions, he tries to be impartial—as impartial as a man can well be who is discussing events and persons which still excite feeling, things over which we have rejoiced or sorrowed at the moment of their happening, persons whom we have praised or blamed as we watched their behavior.

As regards method, the book deals more with the outward aspect than with the underlying significance and permanent import of events. True, no doubt, it is that the difficulty of dealing with such principles and results becomes doubly great when one writes about one's own time. Much of what has befallen England during the last forty years cannot yet be fairly judged, not merely because many of the necessary materials are still unpublished, but also because events have not yet fallen into their true perspective. Thus much at least, however, it is already possible to assert—that the last forty years have been for England a period of entrancing interest, full of dramatic situations and of changes fateful for the fortunes both of the English people and of their empire in the world. We cannot here attempt to discuss more than a few of the many remarkable features of that period, but upon three of them a few words may be said.

Mr. Gladstone was from 1865, when Lord Palmerston died, till 1894, when he himself retired from Parliament, by far the most conspicuous and striking figure in British public life. Disraeli was his chief antagonist down till 1881, as Lord Salisbury was thereafter. But neither Disraeli nor Lord Salisbury approached him either in popularity, or in force, or in personal charm. Disraeli's influence was chiefly due to the curiosity he excited, and to the wonder everybody felt that a man weighted with the drawbacks of Jewish birth, of a foreign name, and of a whole string of youthful eccentricities and affectations, all singularly un-English, should have come to be the leader of the English landed aristocracy and the official defender of the Established Church. Disraeli never had any real hold on the masses, and before he disappeared he had ceased to be a really potent factor. The glamour that surrounded him was largely the creation of the literary and journalistic class, who were in a way proud of him as one of themselves, and who, being somewhat cynically minded, disliked the effusive earnestness of Mr. Gladstone and sought to disparage the latter by their praises of his rival.

Lord Salisbury was a man of a type different from both. No life of him has yet appeared, and so few of his letters have been published, so little of his intimate relations with his colleagues has leaked out, that it is not safe to speak positively about him. Few prominent English statesmen seem to have been so imperfectly known to their contemporaries. People were not even aware who his friends were, or indeed whether he had any friends outside his own family. He was a powerful speaker, heavy and even monotonous in manner, but with a remarkable command of English—nobody knew better how to find the exactly right word—and with a no less remarkable clearness and precision in his ideas. Whether the vigor of his language and the exactness of his thought found corresponding expression in his conduct was much disputed. Some thought him weak, and the way in which he submitted to Disraeli, after having for a time resisted him, lent color to this view. A German diplomatist was reported to have called him "a lath painted to look like iron." Yet there were moments at which he did show firmness; nor did he waver in the general lines of his policy as Prime Minister during three terms of office, any more than is inevitable when a minister has to take account of the varying currents of opinion. No one advertised himself less, no one showed a haughtier indifference to the comments of the press. But he never touched either the popular imagination or the popular heart. He seemed to take little interest in any good cause or any great cause, and effected nothing for any cause whatever. His intellect was eminently critical, his mental attitude usually cynical and never sympathetic. Such tastes as he showed outside politics lay in the direction not of letters but of natural science. But he could handle the pen with incisive power, and in his earlier days wrote much and well for weekly and quarterly organs. Though he was Foreign Secretary of State for twelve years, succeeded in keeping his country out of any European war, and made himself respected by the other Powers, he would hardly seem to have won either in Europe or at home the fame of a great foreign minister, a fame which, to be sure, is rarely won by any one.

That both Disraeli and Salisbury were overtopped by Mr. Gladstone, goes without saying. The same might be affirmed of all English statesmen since William Pitt and Charles James Fox. So far as the interest of the last forty years is a personal interest, it centres in that of Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary personality. About him much remains to be said, although much has been said already. The period included in the volume that lies before us contains the narrative of the last phase of his public life—the effort he made to create a separate legislature in and for Ireland. It was the last great enterprise of his life, and in many ways the most remarkable, for in it he showed even more than his wonted courage and far less than his usual skill. He launched it so suddenly as to startle all and alienate many of his oldest friends and comrades. He pressed it forward with a haste and impatience which went far to injure its chances of success, because the English people did not like to be hurried and hustled. He threw himself into it with a passion which hardly recked of obstacles, and which made it hard for him to appreciate the honest objections which some of his opponents felt. Though he had passed seventy-five years of age, he fought for it on platforms and in the Parliament with the energy of a man of thirty. For nine years (December, 1885, till March, 1894), his mind was full of Ireland, to the almost total exclusion of other topics. His efforts failed, for the first Home Rule bill (1886) was defeated in the House of Commons and the second (1893) thrown out by the House of Lords. Yet this last phase of his career was in a sense the most brilliant. If it was a failure, it was also a triumph. Never did he display so splendid a courage as when he took up the unpopular cause of Irish nationality and urged it upon the reluctant English. Never did his amazing intellectual resource shine out more brightly than in planning and defending his scheme. Never was he more plainly actuated by the highest sense of duty and the most conscientious convictions. Had victory depended on himself alone, it seems possible that he might have won the battle, and carried his second bill. But the fall of Parnell and the revul-

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sion of popular feeling which that fall caused in England, made the attempt hopeless.

It was just before he ventured out into this stormy Irish sea that Mr. Gladstone made his second great contribution to what has been the most momentous constitutional change in modern England, viz., that extension of the suffrage which has turned the government of the country into a democracy. His first act as leader of the House of Commons after Lord Palmerston's death was to bring in a bill for lowering the electoral franchise in boroughs. The bill did not pass, but it led to the passing in the following year (1867) of a measure which lowered that franchise still further, and admitted to voting rights nearly the whole of the working class. The same principles were applied by him to the counties in 1884—in England the qualifications for voting in boroughs and in counties had from time immemorial been different—and in 1885 a redistribution of seats, also carried by his Ministry, took away members from many small towns to bestow them on large cities and populous county districts. Thus, since 1885 voting power has completely passed from the richer to the poorer classes. The former retain, of course, such influence as belongs to wealth and education; but the workingmen are, by the immense numerical preponderance of their votes, masters of the situation in nearly every electoral district, whether of town or country.

Three remarkable characteristics of this constitutional revolution deserve to be noted. The first is that it was a peaceful revolution. The really less important change effected by the Reform Act of 1832 was passionately demanded, and was resisted with an obstinacy that brought England to the verge of civil war. But the extensions of the suffrage carried in 1867 and 1884 were neither eagerly called for by the working class nor fiercely opposed by the richer class. That of 1867 was actually carried through by a Tory Ministry. That of 1384 was passed by a compromise between the two parties.

The second feature was that the consequences of the change were at first scarcely perceptible. Very few working men entered Parliament from 1867 till 1885; few even after 1885 down till 1905. The character of legislation did begin to become more favorable to the poorer sections of the people, but the rights of property were not (except to some extent in Ireland) seriously infringed upon. The masses had not learned their power, and were still content to follow the lead of the classes, to whom the direction of the state had theretofore belonged. Thus the alarms with which persons of a conservative turn of mind had regarded the extension of the suffrage in 1867 had in 1884 almost disappeared, and men of property failed to realize how unstable their control had become.

The third feature was the coincidence with the passing of the act of 1884 of a great movement of opinion towards what is roughly and vaguely called Socialism. The principles of Socialism were already old in Continental Europe, and the principles of Anarchism also had raised their grisly head there. These principles had terrified France in 1848-1849, and had laid hold of Germany long before 1880. Anarchism is still practically unknown among native Englishmen. But the doctrines of Collectivism (as it is now called) sprang up in England about 1884, and advanced rapidly during the following twenty years. Their growth there was almost exactly contemporaneous with their diffusion in America, though in America it was chiefly among new immigrants from Europe that they spread, while in England they were more of a home product, and took the form, partly of so-called Municipal Socialism, partly of demands for legislation in favor of trades' unions, and of the interests of labor generally. This movement of opinion, strongest among the workingmen, though not confined to them, supplied the motive power to the machinery which the extensions of the suffrage had placed at the disposal of the masses. More workingmen began to be elected to the House of Commons—there are now at least forty—and the demand for drastic legislation increased in vehemence and in scope. It seems now more likely to have its way in England than in America. There is already a Labor party in the British Parliament which keeps itself aloof from the old legitimate Whigs and Tories, and aims at holding the balance between them. It has grown fast and may grow further. The English seem, as the result of these extensions of the suffrage which both parties approved, to be entering on a difficult piece of political navigation, in which they must often wish they could have the experience and skill of an old pilot like Mr. Gladstone, in whom, Liberal though he was, there had remained a great deal of the cautious conservatism he learned from Sir Robert Peel.

GREAT BRITAIN IN AFRICA.

Great Britain in Modern Africa. By Edgar Sanderson. With Portraits. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75 net.

A volume which gathers into easy compass the history and geography of all the present divisions and governments of Africa ought certainly to find a place for itself. Such a work is Mr. Sanderson's "Great Britain in Modern Africa." He might almost have named it "Modern Africa"; for he treats of Germany, France, Portugal, and Italy in Africa, as well as of Great Britain. The only parts left untouched are the western countries on the Mediterranean—Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli. The Congo Free State is mentioned, but little of its story is given. With these exceptions Mr. Sanderson's volume is a handbook of information concerning Africa, including statistics of imports and exports, revenue, population, and other matters usually found in such works as "The Statesman's Year Book" or "Whitaker's Almanac."

Mr. Sanderson's history—largely accounts of campaigns and battles, often slaughters of ill-armed but gallant natives—is told with vivacity and exact detail. The material has apparently been gathered from the best of the war correspondence in newspapers, fortified by thorough knowledge of topography and climate. The heroism of early explorers and of leaders of small expeditions into savage fastnesses is duly set forth. Confidence in the work, however, is somewhat shaken by the ultra-Imperialistic tone. Not all readers will agree with his verdict concerning the last stages of the Boer war—the concentration camps and the system of blockhouses—that "the whole history of war contains in this class nothing finer or more effective"; or that Lord Milner, by his constructive work after the war, won "the highest reputation as a statesman in the opinion of the majority of his countrymen." The same ultra-British feeling also affects Mr. Sanderson's attitude towards other European nations who dared to rival Great Britain in taking slices of the Dark Continent. English explorers are always heroes; but when Dr. Karl Peters followed the British example, he was a "very pushing personage"; and the native chiefs making treaties with him were "deluded into putting their marks on documents of whose contents they knew little or nothing." The pro-British tone is as evident in what is omitted as in what is said. In the story of the Sudan one looks in vain for any hint of the killing of the wounded in the battle of Omdurman, or of the desecration of the Mahdi's tomb at Khartum.

Making due allowance for Mr. Sanderson's Tory Imperialism, high praise can be given to the story of Great Britain in Egypt, which reads like a romance; and to the narrative of British conquest in the barbarous and pestilential regions of West Africa. These portions of the book are less open to objection than the accounts of the Boer war and the South African colonies. The portraits of Kitchener, Earl Cromer, Gordon, and Rhodes are excellent; but for use as a handbook the index is altogether insufficient.

The First Annexation of the Transvaal. By W. J. Leyds. New York: A. Wessels & Co. $6.30.

A work on the relations of the English and Dutch in South Africa by the late Secretary of State of the Transvaal almost inevitably exhibits some bias. Mr. Leyds, while not a native of the South African Republic, was notable during the war of 1899-1902 and the negotiations at its close for his irreconcilable attitude. After the annexation of the Transvaal he retired to Holland, where he is preparing his version of history in South Africa, of which the present volume is the first instalment. Unfortunately it is easy to make out a case against the policy pursued by the English in South Africa since Cape Colony definitely became part of the British Empire in 1814. Writers by no means unfavorable to British rule have frankly acknowledged the evils that have arisen from the vacillation and the ignorance of the Home Government; the readiness of Ministers and Parliament to listen to prejudiced statements unfavorable to the Boers, and their unwillingness to be guided by the advice of men on the spot, who understood the needs of the colonies and the character of their Boer neighbors. In his early history Mr. Leyds adds little to what has been told in a much calmer and more dispassionate manner by Theal, who shows warm sympathy with the Boer point of view. Indeed even so prejudiced an Imperialist as the most recent historian of Great Britain in Modern Africa, Edgar Sanderson, whose book is published almost simultaneously with that of Dr. Leyds, is scarcely more favorable in his judgment of British policy than Dr. Leyds himself. The first half of

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Dr. Leyds's book is therefore occupied with "flogging a dead horse."

There is more to be said for the later chapters. By careful study of blue books and reports, Dr. Leyds is able to strengthen to some degree the case for the Boers at the time of the first annexation of the Transvaal in 1877; and he endeavors to repel some accusations against the Boers, which have shown undeserved vitality. The tone of the book is, however, so bitter that he damages rather than strengthens his cause. His readers are asked to believe that, while the Boer farmers were all models of patience, honesty, kindliness, hospitality, and truthfulness, the British displayed only perfidy, incapacity, and an insane prejudice against their irreproachable neighbors. Even for the quiescence of the English from 1852 to 1870 Dr. Leyds must find a sinister motive. Instead of studying the trend of English political thought during these years when the pendulum was swinging away from the conception and burden of Empire, Dr. Leyds paints the English as desiring to encroach on the South African Republic, but as restrained by fear—fear of Louis Napoleon, fear of Russia, fear of the United States, fear of Irish Fenians.

From the point of view of those who from first to last consistently opposed the Boer War, the publication of this book can be nothing but a matter of regret. The future of South Africa is now to be sought, not in stirring up strife between the two white races, but in hearty coöperation in the working of the new Constitution. This instrument, though not granting full liberty, gives a large instalment of self-government to the white inhabitants of the Transvaal and opens up to the Boers the opportunity of showing their patience and statesmanship by building up a country which their tenacity, combined with British progressiveness, may make the dominant State of the South African Federation.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. By George Edward Woodberry. [English Men of Letters.] New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

In our opinion this is the best of the American volumes that have so far appeared in the series, and it is about the best work of its author. Professor Woodberry is a lover of rhythmical phrases, and there are those who think that the cadence of a sentence is sometimes as important to him as its meaning. Such was the impression produced by his monograph on Swinburne, and by some of his earlier work; but in the present case he seems to us to have grappled more closely than usual with his subject, and to have been less carried away by the fury of sound. His rhetoric has subsided into style.

Naturally in dealing with such an author as Emerson the critical chapters rather overbalance the narrative, but by no means the least satisfactory portion of Professor Woodberry's book is that which deals with the boyhood of Emerson and his life in Concord. More particularly the analysis of the influences that surrounded the child and youth is better than anything else of the sort we recall in the lives of our New England geniuses. From this to the analysis of Emerson's own character is but a step, and here again Professor Woodberry has in the main been notably successful. He dwells a good deal, and effectively, we think, on a certain sluggishness in Emerson's nature, which was at once a safeguard against the early nervous exhaustion that threatened the family and a temperamental limitation in his writing. "The slowness of his temperament," runs the text, "was a primary fact in his life; he was slow in all ways: in his motions, in his speech, in his mental process and maturing; and his incapacity to mix with the company, to give himself in friendship, to enter actively into practical affairs except under protest." And this sluggishness was a part of his practical philosophy: "he exercised, so to speak, a constant inhibition of the particular part of life with the aim thereby to reconcentrate force in the unconfined soul which is the source and master of all life." To preach this act of self-concentration, of withdrawal from the particular act of energy for more complete absorption in the central springs of energy, was his particular business in the world; and this method he followed steadily to the end. The gradual fading out of personality in his character, the pathetic shadow of his end, is only another phase of this temperamental withdrawal.

Contrary to expectation, the criticism of Emerson's philosophy is rather better than the chapter on the Poems, in which Professor Woodberry does not seem to us to have shown an entirely discriminating taste. As a little thing, for example, he fails to bring into relief the perfect lucidity and Hellenic beauty of "Days," whereas he finds extraordinary "refinement and sublimation" in the lines from "Monadnock":

> And that these gray crags
> Not on crags are hung,
> But beads are of a rosary
> On prayer and music strung.

This is merely to fall into the ditch that ever yawns before the ultra-romantic. In philosophic criticism, on the contrary—always, that is, with the limits of his knowledge—he moves much more surely. The analysis of the master ideas that underlie the fluctuating thought of the essays is singularly clear and sound. It makes for a wiser and profounder understanding of Emerson.

But if the book as a whole deserves high praise, there are still grave reservations to be made. There is altogether too much repetition; certain ideas, such as Emerson's relation to the clergy and the pulpit, come up with needless frequency. And again, there are a few apparent contradictions that call for reconciliation, such as the varying portraiture of Emerson now as practical and now as unpractical. Graver than these are the lapses in scholarship. Fortunately, no law exists, compelling a critic to read German metaphysics; but neither is a critic compelled to write on New England transcendentalism, which, without some knowledge of the sources, is an inexplicable phantom of the air. Professor Woodberry more than once alludes to the kinship of Emerson to the early Greek philosophers, and the comparison is pretty, if not very helpful; but this only emphasizes his silence on the more important matter. Thus, he dwells at length on the function of Nature in unfolding the soul. "It does this by virtue of the perfect correspondence of Nature to the soul," etc., etc. All this, according to Professor Woodberry, "astonishes and perplexes the mind," although one may find "copious illustrations" of the theory "in mystical writers." Has Professor Woodberry ever heard of Schelling? This surprise at Emerson's nature-philosophy, and this magnificent allusion to "mystical writers," with apparently not the least acquaintance with the *Identitätsphilosophie*, is not creditable to American scholarship. Nor are other lapses, though of less seriousness, wanting. Thus: "He [Emerson] knew as little of Persian as he knew of Buddhism; but his half-knowledge gave to literature 'Saadi' in one case and 'Bramah' in the other," where the error is double. Emerson knew through translations a good deal more of Oriental literature than is to be inferred from such a statement—enough, at least, to save him from saying that a poem on *Brahma* could be written from knowledge of *Buddhism*.

Der Yankee-Heiland. Ein Beitrag zur modernen Religions-geschichte. Von Eduard Bertz. Dresden: Carl Reissner.

One of the latest contributions to Whitman literature in Germany is entitled "The Yankee Messiah." It is curious that a renunciation of allegiance so frequently turns into a denunciation of its object. The case of Nietzsche vs. Wagner is recalled on reading this presentation of the case of Bertz vs. Whitman. In 1889 Dr. Bertz began an article in the *Deutsche Presse* with the statement:

> As the greatest gain during my sojourn in America, and indeed as one of the happiest incidents of my life, I prize my acquaintance with the writings of the most individual and profound of American poets.

This same man now offers a revised opinion of Whitman, which makes the latter appear a charlatan. Dr. Bertz wishes his change to be regarded essentially as a protest against the exaggerated enthusiasm with which Johannes Schlaf and other German writers have acclaimed Whitman the protagonist of our time. Though much in the attitude of the inner circle of Whitman disciples might justify that protest, the denunciations of Dr. Bertz are even less justifiable. They can be best explained by a view which taints all criticism coming from a certain German school. Since Dr. Bertz first came across "Leaves of Grass," a group of scholars has arisen, who, taking their cue from Krafft-Ebing, Nordau, and Lombroso, trace pedigrees, pry into private lives, and publish half-truths in a year-book devoted to speculations and investigations of hereditary taint, psychopathic conditions, and perverse instincts. This book, unfortunately not restricted to the medical profession, but circulated freely among the mature and the immature, not long ago contained a study of Whitman by Dr. Bertz, which called forth a scathing reply from Johannes Schlaf.

Dr. Bertz sets out with the theory that Whitman regarded himself as the Messiah of a new humanity, renascent in America, and by cunning, prevarication, and persistent self-advertisement, actually made himself the idol of a sect. The author dwells at length upon the physical decadence of the male members of the Whitman family, denies that the poet was at any time as healthy and as muscular as he liked to describe himself, and doubts that

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his invalidism in old age was the result of strenuous hospital service. He does not even forget to mention that Whitman's hair turned gray at thirty, which "science considers a symptom of degeneracy." He refers to Nordau and Lombroso as authorities for his belief that Whitman's mind was unbalanced, as evidenced by his frequent change of occupation. Whitman was, moreover, "kin of soul to his compatriot Barnum." The climax of this characterization is reached at the end of the chapter, when Dr. Bertz classes Whitman with the "demagogical geniuses" of the world. The part of the book entitled "The Christ Myth" begins with the bold announcement that O'Connor's comparison of Whitman with the Nazarene was inspired by Whitman himself. Dr. Bertz quotes O'Connor, Bucke, Binns, Le Gallienne, Julian Hawthorne, Triggs, Traubel, Federn, Schlaf, and Dr. O. E. Lessing to prove that they regarded Whitman as a prophet bringing fulfilment, a Messiah. A whole chapter is devoted to Whitman apostates, particularly to Swinburne and Gosse.

The most violent opposition is likely to be aroused by the chapter which accuses Whitman of secretly indulging in a pessimism quite irreconcilable with his public teaching. Dr. Bertz disputes Prof. William James's assertion, that the joy of life pulsated through the veins of Whitman to the exclusion of every other feeling, and laboriously quotes passage upon passage to show that his much-applauded optimism was only a pose. Not satisfied with denying Whitman's sincerity on this most essential point, he proceeds to deny the originality of his gospel of democracy, while the ideal of comradeship is reduced to pathological tendencies. In summing up his grievances against the fanatics who exaggerate the importance of Whitman, he declares that he by no means intended to contradict the "peculiar prophet," but merely to protest against the preposterous claim to infallibility with which that "curious Yankee gospel" is propounded by its apostles. He credits Whitman with being the greatest master of *Stimmung* of all ages, and admits that the "over-force" of his language acts with a powerful suggestiveness upon susceptible souls. In this very charm lies the danger of Whitman's art, which is, according to Dr. Bertz, that of a demagogue and hypnotist.

Silanus the Christian. By Edwin A. Abbott. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.60 net.

The avowed purpose of this interesting little book is to show that belief in Jesus Christ and disbelief in miracles are not incompatible. The method employed is characteristic of the author. It is a far cry from Thomas à Becket to Gospel criticism, but in his fascinating work on the great archbishop and martyr he made a contribution of first-rate importance to an understanding of the growth of legend in connection with Christ's life. Similar ingenuity is displayed in the present book, which contains an elaborate discussion of questions of New Testament scholarship, in the form of a story of a young Roman of the time of Hadrian. Silanus, the hero of the tale, is an attendant upon the lectures of Epictetus, and, happening to fall in with the writings of Paul and the Evangelists, is finally converted to Christianity. The account of the process by which he is led to become a Christian disciple gives the author an opportunity to take up all sorts of questions, such as the institution of the Lord's Supper, the relation of the genealogies in Matthew and Luke, Jesus's supernatural birth and resurrection, the relative value of the Synoptic Gospels, and their relation to John's Gospel. Innumerable matters of this kind are discussed, nearly always in an illuminating way, and often fresh suggestions are offered of considerable value. In fact, to consider the New Testament writings exclusively in the light of the thought of that age, as the author attempts everywhere to do, is an important step in the right direction.

The most interesting part of the book is the comparison of Epictetus and Christ. The principles and methods of Epictetus are delineated with vividness, and full justice is done to the noble teaching of the Stoic; but the human needs which he failed to meet, and the way in which Christianity came to the rescue, are effectively shown through the experience of the hero himself, and one of his friends. The author even goes so far as to make the Gospel of John an answer to Epictetus at more than one point. The author's discussion of this gospel is particularly useful, and in spite of much that is unsatisfactory in his treatment, for instance, the allegorical interpretation of certain parts, his general view of it is commendably sane, while he appreciates to the full, its spiritual value. A passage toward the close of the discussion is perhaps worth quoting. One of the characters is represented as saying:

> I can forgive John almost all his faults—ambiguities, artificialities, statements of non-fact as fact, I can condone them all as Orientalisms or Alexandrian Judaisms—for the sake of this one truth, that we cannot know the greatest of the departed great, save through a human being that has loved him and has been loved by him.

The great majority of the questions raised in the book may seem to have little to do with the purpose stated in the preface and referred to above, but the net result of the discussion must be to promote the conviction that the miraculous element in the life of Jesus, for which tradition stands, is not of the essence of the matter, and that its repudiation need not in the least affect the grip of his personality upon the hearts and lives of men. Anything which serves to make that clear is well worth while.

The Syllogistic Philosophy or Prolegomena to Science. By Francis Ellingwood Abbott. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5 net.

"At the opening of the twentieth century I conceive it to be the supreme need of the human spirit to understand that the mechanical philosophy of mere evolution—the evolution without involution, which is the half-truth more dangerous than a lie—is but a step towards the organic philosophy of evolution through involution, as itself but a step towards the spiritual philosophy of the identity in difference of evolution and involution as the continuity of Being in the Absolute Ethical I." This philosophy is to be grounded in the absolute nature of the syllogism, and is, therefore, called "syllogistic philosophy." The author hopes that this book will "help the world, taught at last to be heedful and not heedless, to tread the path of the only possible salvation from its own follies and sins—the path of self-moralization in the Absolute Ethical I." These things we learn from the preface. After reading the book we must admit that we cannot share the author's hope. We confess that we have found in his work little to clarify the problems of philosophy, and nothing besides his own earnestness and enthusiasm which we can call uplifting. In no way does the book appear to us to be a prolegomena to science or an important contribution to philosophy. It appears rather to be an assertion, at times expressed in a very eccentric manner, of the author's conviction that the universe is essentially a unity of many differences, and that this "identity in difference" has moral and religious significance.

A student of the varieties of human intellect would doubtless find the book illustrative of an interesting type. The reviewer recalls the great satisfaction a friend of his received from the proposition, "The evidence of the Creator is the thing created." It solved the universe for him. This it did, not by leading him to understand the world in which he lived or to order its events after any coherent manner, but by giving him a phrase admirably adapted to inhibit further thinking. It invited him to dwell content in the aptness and see all creatures triumphantly giving evidence of their creator. Now some minds appear to be peculiarly susceptible to the action of apt phrases. Mr. Abbott frequently tells us: "Whatever is evolved as consequent must be involved as antecedent." Under the spell of such an apt and evident proposition he accepts the universe. The phrase becomes a form in which events may be cast. Children are evolved from parents, and therefore parents involve children. This is obvious. Thought is evolved from being, and therefore being involves thought. This is profound. So on page 288 of the second volume we read:

> Expressed in terms of human thinking, the Absolute Syllogism of the World as the Living God may be thus set down:
> i. WE ARE in I AM.
> ii. I AM in WE ARE.
> iii. Therefore, I AM in I AM.

In all seriousness we may say that this is undoubtedly true, but it is not a solution of problems. The world wherever Mr. Abbott has turned has simply waked in his mind repeated variations of the phrase, Whatever is evolved as consequent must be involved as antecedent. And genuine thinking has been inhibited.

The Hibeh Papyri. Part I. Edited by B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt. London: Egypt Exploration Fund (Græco-Roman Branch).

This single volume, not much larger than some of its annual predecessors, covers the two years 1904-06. It contains the text of papyri from mummy-cartonnage discovered by the editors in their excavations of the Ptolemaic necropolis of El-Hibeh in the spring of 1902. With these are included certain other papyri of the same provenience, bought by them from a

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dealer while they were excavating in the Fayûm. Indeed, it was this fortunate purchase that directed their attention to the new site. Already, in 1895-6, an Arab trader from the Pyramids had dug over the large necropolis for scarabs, ushabtis, statuettes, vases, and the like, and had thrown away as useless large quantities of the papyrus-cartonnage from the mummies. The presence of many literary fragments indicates that the papyri used for the cartonnage of a number of the mummies came from a library of classical literature, probably belonging to some Greek settler at Oxyrhyncus, the town a few miles farther up the river, where Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have conducted their most successful excavations.

The eighteen new classical fragments, or groups of fragments, here published contain several cruelly mutilated bits from what Prof. F. W. Blass suggested must be the "Tyro" of Sophocles. They would not be so comminuted had not the breast-piece of the cartonnage from which they came been decorated by cutting into it an open-work pattern. Certain small fragments from an Attic comedy are identified by an interesting process of reasoning as probably written by Philemon, and as forming part of the play on which the "Aulularia" of Plautus was based. The first point is established chiefly by comparing a fragment consisting of only a few letters at the beginning of some half-a-dozen consecutive lines, with the quotation by Eustathius, in his commentary on Homer, of a single line from Philemon, Κροίσῳ λαλῶ σοι καὶ Μίδᾳ καὶ Ταντάλῳ (Kock, *fr.* 189). This is the only place in Attic comedy where Crœsus is known to be mentioned. But the first line of the fragment referred to above also begins κροισ . . .; and, furthermore, the other fragments tell various machinations of a slave Strobilus, and also harmonize well with the "Aulularia" in other respects. (It should be noted that so eminent an authority as Fr. Les, in *Hermes* 41, p. 629, vigorously demurs.) Bits of a manuscript of "Choice Selections" include the beginnings of four iambic verses, of which the last is evidently the "Evil communications corrupt good manners," quoted by St. Paul (1 Cor. xv. 33)—ascribed to both Euripides and Menander, and perhaps occurring in both authors. A fragment of thirty-four nearly perfect lines gives apparently the opening of a discourse on music. Blass thinks it may be from the pen of the sophist Hippias, a contemporary of Socrates. In subject it is not untimely; for it combats the theory held, among others, by Plato, that different sorts of music produce different moral effects in the listeners. It also ridicules the pretensions of the musicians, who profess to picture in their strains the qualities of natural objects.

Among the fragments of extant classical authors found at El-Hibeh are a number from Homer's "Iliad," which show the now familiar divergence of text from the vulgate, and one fragment from the "Odyssey" (xx. 41-68), in which similar divergence occurs. This is the first early Ptolemaic fragment of the "Odyssey" to be discovered. The editors take occasion to uphold at some length, in view of this new evidence, and in face of recent attack (chiefly by A. Ludwich), their earlier theory that the vulgate text of Homer did not indeed originate with the Alexandrians, but certainly was not the prevalent text in Egypt until some time between 150 and 30 B. C. Its final acceptance, they think, must have been due in some measure to the influence of the museum scholars. A sentence deserves quotation in full:

> A comparison of the papyri of extant Greek authors with the corresponding portions of the mediæval MSS. shows that the early texts hardly ever favor in a marked degree any one of the later MSS. or families of MSS., while in the case of some authors, *e. g.*, Xenophon, the papyri show that modern critics have often gone too far in preferring one family of MSS. to another, and prove clearly, what is apt to be sometimes forgotten, that the proper guiding principle in the reconstruction of the text of any ancient author is a judicious eclecticism.

That last clause is sufficiently sweeping. We fancy it will be challenged by many of the scholars who hold no brief for the papyri.

A few fragments of the "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides are interesting because the date of the writing (c. 280-240 B. C.) carries them well back toward the life of the poet. The text agrees with two conjectures of Reiske and Bothe (vv. 252 and 618), and almost with another of Maehly (v. 621), and furnishes a new reading in v. 587 that was not anticipated.

Among the non-literary fragments are found, as in the other volumes, many that throw new light upon the life and administration of the region under the Ptolemies. Among them may be noted here four bail-bonds that are by far the oldest examples of such formulas thus far known (263—c. 250 B. C.); and particularly an account of a royal post office, wherein note is made of the day and hour of the arrival of each messenger, of his name and the name of the clerk who received his packets from him, of the number of the packets and the addresses upon them, and of the names of the messengers to whom they were entrusted for further conveyance.

Three appendices of importance follow the texts. One is on the relation between the Macedonian and Egyptian calendars, the second on the systems of dating by the years of the king, and the third on the eponymous priesthoods from 301—221 B. C. The usual good indices and ten excellent plates of facsimiles close the volume.

Science.

A History of Chemistry. By Ernest von Meyer. Translated by George McGovern. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.25 net.

This is a third edition; but great pains and no little ability have been used in bringing it to date. It is decidedly the most useful history of chemistry, though Ladenburg's smaller book carries more weight as an authority. The author has undertaken little more research than that of a faithful compiler, guided by good sense. He intends to give very brief, but generally fair, notices of the most interesting controversies, whether chemical or personal; and has aimed to narrate the whole history of chemistry so far as one volume could include it, without wasting one line upon any facts extraneous to the science, merely for the sake of holding a reader's interest. Three quarters of the volume are devoted, as was proper, to the modern period, when every theory has been subjected to quantitative tests. It is divided into two chapters, the one a survey of the advances toward an understanding of chemical combinations generally; the other, somewhat longer, going into particulars, with separate sections on analytical, inorganic, organic, physical, mineralogical, physiological, technical, and pedagogical chemistry.

The book begins with a short history of the chemistry of the ancients. Many excellent special works on this subject, some of which are named, absolved the author from a longer account of it. We note that the word "bronze," from βροντήσιον, may be of Persian origin. The name "Nubia" is thought to be from the Egyptian word for gold, "nub"; and we read that the gold mines of that country yielded, under Ramses II., no less than £125,000,000 annually. The remainder of the first quarter of the book is composed of three chapters, on alchemy, on the chemistry of Paracelsus, Van Helmont, George Agricola, and their contemporaries, and on the chemistry of the age of phlogiston from Boyle to Black and Priestley. The services of Western alchemists are exaggerated, as they usually have been. Science is enriched by those whose nature is to aspire after truth, not by those who are goaded on by naught but gold-greed.

The section of the work that deals with organic chemistry should be the best, not merely because it is the field in which chemical research proper, as distinguished from chemical physics, has met with its greatest, perhaps its only signal, successes, but also because we read on the title-page, "Being also an Introduction to the Study of the Science." Now in organic chemistry every group of bodies has presented a problem, the problem of the constitution of those bodies; and in every case, as the science now stands, this problem either has already been worked out, or is approaching that end, by the thorny, but interesting and instructive, path of alternate reflection and experimentation. What we find is that, at the bottom of each page, Professor Von Meyer has cited, on the average, four or five memoirs. The dates are seldom given; merely the authors' names, the titles of the journals (of which there are forty or more), numbers of the volumes, which run up into the hundreds, and the numbers of the pages. If, however, the young student does not read those memoirs, there is nothing in Von Meyer's pages to give him any clear idea of the course of chemical thought, unless in its very first essays. All he will find is only a very general indication of what each memoir contains, expressed in technical terms, with vague comments about each, such as a chemist whose memory was rather hazy concerning a memoir might make in conversation with a brother chemist. Take, for example, one of the most important and long puzzling matters, upon which a vast deal of reasoning and laboratory work was spent by a dozen leading chemists, as well as by many others. We refer to what is called Perkin's Reaction. On this subject Von Meyer begins with this vague remark:

> The beautiful synthesis, by W. H. Perkin, sr., of unsaturated acids from the aldehydes and the salts of the fatty acids, has made these compounds more easy to

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come by, and therefore to investigate, and has thus helped to elucidate their constitution.

He goes on for a dozen lines of such matter, which, even if a beginner could understand it, would give him no idea of the thought that has been expended upon the phenomenon. Not one word is vouchsafed in regard to the successive intensely interesting researches which were believed to throw light upon the rationale of the reaction. The memoirs cited at the foot of the page may refer to them. He does say that "the systematic researches of Fittig and his pupils have contributed to round off and deepen our knowledge of this class of compounds"; but is not that a bit vague? We find no mention in text or notes of the names of Bertagnini, Genther, and Hübners, who before Perkin had severally published pertinent facts; or of the paper of Conrad and Bischoff, which corrected an error in Perkin's formula.

In short, the work is convenient, because there is no better one (except Ladenburg's, which is too small), and in spite of its numerous inconveniences. Among these is its avoidance of dates, for which the word "recent," in a highly elastic sense, and relative to the first, second, or third edition, is made to do duty far too often. As to the book's serving as an "Introduction" to chemistry, we do not understand in what sense it can have been so regarded. A volume far more explanatory, from the same publishing house, Lachman's "Spirit of Organic Chemistry," begins, "This book is intended primarily as a supplement to text-books of organic chemistry." Even that book could not be understood by a beginner in the subject, though it might introduce a more advanced student to the practice of reading the memoirs. Nobody can be a scientific man of any kind who has not that habit. Chemists of this continent, quite unintentionally no doubt, have received signally less than justice at Von Meyer's hands, except Mallet, Sterry Hunt, and one or two others.

The next volume in the New Knowledge Series, edited by Prof. Robert Kennedy Duncan and published by A. S. Barnes & Co., will be "The Nature and Origin of Life," by Prof. Felix le Dantec of the Faculty of Sciences at the Sorbonne.

"Birds and Flowers About Concord, New Hampshire," is a little book of some one hundred and twenty pages, by Miss Frances M. Abbott. She presents a short list of nature books, twelve short essays embracing notes upon the two hundred and one species of birds observed by herself and others in the township, and similar essays on the five hundred and forty species of flowers. Every city and larger town should have an inexpensive hand-book such as this, but with clearer descriptions and a comprehensive index. It would have a ready sale in the schools and houses of the vicinity, and would be of great value to the ubiquitous summer boarder. If such books were printed with interleaved blank pages local students would be encouraged to increase the lists and thereby make the work ultimately of considerable scientific value.

In the Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society of London for 1906, R. Shelford presents a significant discovery relating to flying snakes in Borneo. Two of these belong to the genus *Chrysopelea*, while the third is *Dendrophis pictus*. The reptile crawls out along some horizontal branch, and, gaining impetus, launches itself into the air. Instead of falling in writhing coils straight to earth, it becomes rigid as a stick, and glides downward in an oblique line, landing lightly either in the water or upon the bare ground. Mr. Shelford discovered the peculiar structure which made this feat possible. The reptile has the power, by a forcible muscular contraction, of changing the shape of its body (considered as a section view) from almost a circle to a deep concave below. Mr. Shelford compares this to two pieces of bamboo, one of which is entire, and therefore circular in outline, while the other is bisected so that it is a hemicircle in section. When dropped from a height the former will fall like a stone, while the split piece will glide obliquely downwards, and even describe a slightly upward swoop just before it reaches the ground. It was found that the snakes fell helplessly if merely thrown out into the air. They had to have somewhat of a flying start to assume properly the convexity and rigidity of their parachute pose.

Teachers of astronomy in secondary schools and small colleges who have felt unable to buy the costly but magnificent photographs of the moon taken at the Paris observatory, may be glad to know that the set, full-size and well-printed, is appearing in the *Bulletin* of the Société Belge d'Astronomie, accompanied with extended descriptive notes by Loewy and Puiseux. Plate 46 appeared in the November number. The *Bulletin* is sent free to all members of the society, and the dues are very low.

The January number of the *Bulletin of the American Geographical Society*, in an article on the "Topographic Surveys in the United States," by H. M. Wilson, summarizes the work of the topographic branch of the United States Geological Survey for the year 1906, and briefly reviews the past activities of this branch of service. From this review it would appear that for several years the average annual rate of completed topographic survey has been 35,000 square miles, or an area nearly equal to that of the State of Indiana. Despite this progress the total surveyed area of the United States is at this time hardly one-third (1,025,000 square miles) of its full area. The mapping of the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and the Indian Territory is now completed, and that of West Virginia will be completed, it is confidently expected, by the close of this year.

The American Alpine Club, an association organized for the study of the high mountain regions of the Western Hemisphere and of other tracts having Alpine characteristics, has just issued in a small folio of 16 pages Number 1 of *Alpina Americana*. The number contains a single article, "The High Sierra of California," by Prof. Joseph N. Le Conte, of the University of California. The paper deals with the geographical, geological, zoölogical, and botanical features of the more imposing sections of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Considerable space is devoted to a description of the King's River basin, of which the King's River Cañon is the most conspicuous scenic feature. Prof. Le Conte enumerates fifty-nine summits of the Sierra Nevada which exceed 13,000 feet in elevation, and of these twelve surpass 14,000 feet, the loftiest being Mount Whitney, with an altitude of 14,499 feet. It will be of interest to mountain climbers to know that this peak, but little inferior in height to the Matterhorn, has now a horse-trail to the summit. The initial number of *Alpina Americana* is attractively illustrated, and its value is further enhanced by the addition of a large folded map.

Drama.

SOME THEATRICAL CONDITIONS.

The dramatic season has now advanced to a point where it is possible to review it as a whole, summarize its accomplishment, and speculate on the outcome of existing theatrical conditions. The prospect cannot be called brilliant, but, on the other hand, it is by no means discouraging. There are signs of an impending change in the general direction of theatrical affairs, but they are scarcely definite enough as yet to warrant predictions. The power of the original theatrical trust, though still predominant, has been weakened by opposition and may be expected to diminish—by the natural growth of a competition now successfully started—whether the legal attack upon its methods be defeated or not. This is one of the most hopeful features of the situation. Not that the so-called independent movement is in itself altogether a good thing. The organizers of it, in a large degree at all events, have adopted the mischievous policy of their opponents. They too are building up a system of stars revolving around a perpetual circuit, in almost endless runs, on principles which are primarily commercial. The claim that they fight under the banner of art alone rests upon the flimsiest of foundations. But they have demonstrated the possibility of competition and by partly upsetting a monopoly have begun a process of disintegration out of which something like free trade in drama may ultimately come.

Although most of the season's plays have been trivial and foolish, there can be no doubt that the average quality of the winter's entertainment has been raised considerably above that of recent years by an uncommon number of really meritorious productions. Some of these were distinguished by both literary and dramatic excellence, others by serious purpose, ingenious fancy, or sparkling humor. In the first category may be placed Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" and Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc," both of high quality. The plays with a solid purpose include George Broadhurst's "The Man of the Hour," Charles Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse" (now more than a year old), and Henry Arthur Jones's "The Hypocrites," a remarkably well-made piece. William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide," with its vividly contrasted types and its conflict of characters, stands in a class by itself in its indisputable if rather crude dramatic power. A. W. Pinero's "His House in Order," with all its artificiality and trickiness, is a model of artistic con-

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struction. "The Shulamite" again, by Messrs. Knoblauch and Askew, though an unpleasant, is a very strong play in spite of its feeble ending. "The Road to Yesterday," of Beulah Marie Dix and Greenleaf Sutherland, is full of a spirited and satirical fancy; nor must the witty "Cæsar and Cleopatra" of George Bernard Shaw be forgotten. In addition to all these must be noted the creditable Shakespeare revivals of E. H. Sothern (to whom we are indebted also for "Joan of Arc"), and Henry Miller's presentation of "Pippa Passes." Next week Richard Mansfield is to give us "Peer Gynt." This is a notable list.

It seems then that in Mr. Mackaye, Mr. Moody, Mr. Klein, Mr. Knoblauch, Miss Dix, Mrs. Sutherland, and the rest we have the advance guard of the new dramatists for whom we have been waiting so long; and that the doors of both syndicate and independent theatres are open to them. Unfortunately, there are no signs as yet of the appearance of a new crop of good actors. The only new star of the first brilliancy is Alla Nazimova, and her dimensions cannot be determined exactly, until she has appeared in some characters of nobler mould than those of Ibsen's heroines. It is this dearth of first-rate actors, both male and female, which is one of the most ominous of theatrical symptoms. More than one promising play has failed lately because of inadequate interpretation. And the state of affairs is likely to be worse before it is better. There are no longer any good schools in which young players can learn their business. The notion that valuable instruction can be obtained in the so-called stock companies, which give two performances a day, and a fresh play every week is utterly fallacious. Most of these organizations are on the same artistic plane as the vaudeville shows with which they are more or less affiliated.

The connection, indeed, between the regular stage and the vaudeville houses appears to be growing closer every day. In England the theatrical managers have succeeded pretty well in preventing the music halls from giving dramatic performances, but in this country regular plays and variety "specialties" often form part of the same programme. Superannuated or incompetent players become dramatic stars in the halls. Sometimes they drift back to the regular stage to exhibit their vaudeville antics in what is called musical comedy, but is only another form of what is practically "continuous variety." Thus the two institutions are gradually undergoing a process of merger. In London the music hall proprietors argued that if they were permitted to give short plays, a highly specialized type of character actors like those to be found in some of the minor Paris theatres would be developed, but nothing of this sort has happened in practice. Nothing is more certain than that humor, to be popular in the music halls, must degenerate into buffoonery and pathos into maudlin sentimentality, and the same rule applies almost equally to the cheap stock company houses in which thousands of actors are daily acquiring irremediably bad habits.

From many points of view, it is desirable that the music hall and the theatre should be kept apart, and it is disquieting therefore to hear that some of the theatrical syndicate managers are about to extend their operations to the vaudeville field. Their motive is sufficiently plain. They see that enormous profits are to be made by providing cheap, nonsensical, and often coarse entertainment for the million, and mean to have their share of the harvest. This conviction, almost inevitably, will exert influence upon the management of the regular theatres which they control, and the misnamed comic operas will, we fear, be more abundant, and more like the variety shows than ever.

But a reduction in the number of first-class theatres devoted to the regular drama might, in the long run, prove rather beneficial than otherwise to the cause of theatrical art. The line between the houses in which rational or irrational entertainment is to be sought would be more strictly marked then than it is at present. In the course of a few years we might again have one or more theatres with a reputation such as Wallack's had twenty-five years ago. Many signs, as has been said, point to a coming reorganization in the theatrical world. Already some permanent companies are in existence (there is no allusion here, of course, to the pseudo-stock companies previously spoken of), and one or two more are promised for next season. There are now two hostile syndicates. By and by there will be more and thus the monopolistic system will crumble. Out of the ruins the new, free, competitive, artistic theatre will have a chance to arise.

Dr. Furness is now seeing through the press of the J. B. Lippincott Co., the fifteenth volume of his Variorum Shakespeare, which will contain "Antony and Cleopatra."

On February 25, Richard Mansfield begins his annual engagement in this city at the New Amsterdam Theatre. He will present Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," in which he has had great success in other cities.

Harrison Grey Fiske has signed a contract with Percy Mackaye for a new play which is intended for the use of Bertha Kalich. The work is to be a poetic tragedy, differing in form, however, from Mr. Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc," which E. H. Sothern and Miss Marlowe are presenting this season. According to the agreement the manuscript is to be completed by May 1.

There are several societies in England whose object is the popularization of the better sort of drama. One of these, the English Drama Society, has just begun a series of Shakespearean performances in some of the poorest and most densely populated districts in London. Their representations are given in the so-called Elizabethan fashion—that is to say, without scenery, but with rich costumes. Their stage is provided only with hangings, and is easily erected in any large hall. Their prices are fifty cents for the most aristocratic seats, twenty-five cents for the next best, and six cents for all the others. William Archer, who witnessed a representation of "The Merchant of Venice," describes it as a very creditable achievement.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Carlo Goldoni, the reformer of the Italian stage, which occurs in the present year, is to be marked by exceptional honors to his memory. All his works are to be republished in an edition of twenty-four volumes, limited to 500 copies. In Paris, where he spent the last years of his life, a monument will be erected to him.

Music.

The Indebtedness of Handel to Works of Other Composers. By Sedley Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

In 1808 the eminent English organ-player Samuel Wesley wrote a letter to a friend in which he made the following startling remarks about the musical idol of the English people:

> Salomon [a celebrated German violinist] has said truly and shrewdly enough, that the English know very little of the Works of the German Masters, Handel excepted, who (as he observes) came over hither when there was a great dearth of good Musick, and here he remained (these are his words) establishing a Reputation wholly constituted *upon the spoils of the Continent.* This would nettle the Handelians desperately, however it is the strict truth, for we all know how he has pilfered from all manner of Authors whence he could filch anything like a thought worth embodying.

Twenty-three years later Professor William Crotch of Oxford published a list of twenty-nine composers whose works he asserted had been laid under contribution by Handel; and since that time Handel's borrowing propensities have been made the subject of frequent comment. Dr. Friedrich Chrysander, the erudite biographer and worshipper of Handel, did not try to dodge or minimize this point; on the contrary, he brought out five volumes of supplements to his biography, in which he embodied compositions to which Handel was principally indebted. Other German and English scholars, particularly Dr. Max Seiffert and Prof. Ebenezer Prout, supplied evidence from year to year, but there was still room for a monograph devoted to this whole question, which interests moralists as well as musicians. Such a volume has now been prepared by Sedley Taylor, formerly fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr. Taylor not only brings together between two covers the opinions of the scholars who have written on this subject, but also the pages of music which demonstrate to the eye Handel's method of pilfering. About three-fourths of the book are given over to these examples in musical type, illustrating borrowings from nine composers—Clari, Graun, Habermann, Keiser, Kerl, Lotti, Muffat, Stradella, and Urio—and also some of those cases where Handel took music which he had previously written to extremely secular words and reset it to words of a strongly sacred character. To this latter procedure there could be no serious objection in view of the circumstances. Music is in itself neither secular nor religious; both may be solemn or jubilant, and it is usually the association with words that makes a composition seem either sacred or secular. Very few of Handel's works were in print before he died, and it was therefore natural that, writing in haste, he should now and then secure a fresh hearing for an old melody by means

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of a new text. Even Bach did this; but he never robbed other composers, as his colleague did by wholesale.

Handel's mental attitude regarding this procedure has heretofore been a good deal of a mystery, which Mr. Taylor has not quite succeeded in solving. If he had simply taken other men's ideas and Handelized them, transforming them into new products of genius, he would have been in a class with Shakespeare and Molière; but he did much more than that, copying, bar by bar and page by page, whole tracts of other composers' music. He did this, too, with magnificent audacity, borrowing from well-known contemporaries as well as from forgotten predecessors. There can be no doubt that such pilfering was considered dishonorable in England at that time, for Buononcini, for a single flagrant offence, was practically compelled to leave the country. Handel had not a few bitter enemies, who, one may presume, would have made a great outcry had they detected him. Probably it was a mere accident, and the scarcity of printed music for comparison, that prevented the "Grand Old Thief," as Professor Prout has called him, from being found out.

Dr. Chrysander holds that Handel's practice of employing as models and material existing pieces of his own or others, was in him not an affair of accident, but of principle, and that it pervades all his writings. Dr. Chrysander excuses this on the ground that Handel was guided by an artistic impulse to save from destruction valuable musical ideas doomed to oblivion. Another apologist, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, declares in regard to the composers Handel honored with his attentions that he "has *not cheated them out of* their due meed of fame, he has cheated them *into* it." But, as Mr. Taylor suggests, this remark loses some of its force if we remember that these appropriations were invariably made without acknowledgment. In the minds of those who read the articles on Handel's pilferings, the names of his victims are brought up, but the audiences give Handel credit for everything they hear.

Mr. Taylor neglects his opportunity for saying that all this pother might have been avoided if there had been in music something analogous to quotation marks in literature. But would Handel have used them? The facts seem to indicate he would not. For all that, he remains one of the great masters—how great one realizes anew on reading our author's long chapter on "Israel in Egypt," which is a glimpse of the workshop of genius, illustrating Handel's "quite astonishing power of seizing on older music, his own or that of others, raising it to a far higher level, and transfusing it with a nobler life."

The Metropolitan Opera Company will begin its tour on March 25 at Baltimore. The other cities to be visited are Washington, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, and probably St. Louis, the number of performances to be given in these cities being forty-four. The company will include all of the leading singers except Sembrich and Rousselière, and the list of operas to be sung includes "Madame Butterfly," "Aïda," "Tosca," "La Bohême," "Faust," "L'Africaine," "I Pagliacci," "Haensel and Gretel," "Salome," and four of Wagner's operas, including "Tristan."

A new edition of "The Yale Song Book" has been brought out by G. Schirmer. There are eighty-nine songs, compiled from "Yale Songs," "Yale Glees," and "Yale Melodies." The selections are judicious, but one misses what university students surely would be interested in—a few pages of notes telling the source and origin of the songs, which touch on the domain of Italian opera, German student life, the Southern plantation, and many other fields. Editors are apt to forget that some time in life everybody has to learn what everybody is supposed to know. It seems rather odd that the first song in the book, entitled "Dear Old Yale," should prove to be nothing else than "The Watch on the Rhine."

Art.

ARTS AND CRAFTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON, February 18.

"Invicta Roma," in every department of American art. Perhaps the most vivid impression made by the exhibition in Boston, February 5-26, in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Society of Arts and Crafts, is one of the triumphant Gallic and classic influence in a movement that was originally romantic, Gothic, and reactionary; and one that is still so, in the main, in the land of its origin.

For such a condition in the rejuvenated handicrafts of this country the Parisian art schools are, without doubt, responsible. We dream of a new artisanship that shall restore something of the glory of mediæval workmanship, of the days when unknown stone-cutters, toiling on the fronts of Chartres or Notre Dame, were artists scarcely inferior in intellect and technical equipment to those who assisted Phidias in his work of beautifying the Acropolis; and we speculate how such a consummation may be brought about. In the meantime our architects, painters, and sculptors —practical and sometimes commercialized men, with almost limitless opportunities to advise wealthy clients as to ways of spending money effectively rather than extravagantly—are creating a little revival of artisanship of their own by hiring, under favorable working conditions—as favorable, at least, as the labor unions will permit—wood-carvers, silversmiths, leather workers, potters, and tile-makers, glass window designers, and all the others of the army of allied service. This employment, however, is for the most part under men who learned their *métier* in France or in American schools where the French influence is dominant. We have, to be sure, our picturesque "Gothic camp" among the architects, our little handful of painters and sculptors who follow, *non æquis passibus*, it must be confessed, the romanticists and reactionaries of Europe. Yet in nine cases out of ten the handicraftsman who to-day secures professional work of consequence discovers quickly that he is responsible to a man who was trained at the Beaux-Arts or at Julian's, and in so far as he is able he adapts his manner, even if he was trained in another school, to suit his employer's requirements.

Accordingly, throughout the range of handicrafts in the Boston exhibition, which is thoroughly national in scope, the Romanizing forces are very apparent. In the printing art the best current practice, though starting from William Morris, and with full acknowledgment of its indebtedness to him, has, nevertheless, arrived at results which Morris would almost certainly have deprecated. The progression has been entirely in the direction of the typography of the Italian Renaissance, and even more markedly in the direction of the better commercial practice of to-day. The black-faced pages produced by heavy northern type, which a decade ago were more popular than readable, have been succeeded by light pages with type and decorative designs derived from the very sources which most of the "art" printers until recently repudiated. The result, if one prizes avoidance of eccentricity over effort to be original, has been a happy one. The archaic look of book pages, believed by their makers to be beautiful beyond the generality of printed pages, is disappearing. The intention of securing harmony between type and decoration, of considering with half-closed eyes the balance of gray spots on the white and deckle-edged pages of the open book—this has remained; but the mannerisms, the eccentricities, are being dropped. The printing art, even as practised for its own sake by enthusiasts, is in process of normalization. It would rather be right than bizarre. It no longer aims to differ from its own kind, but rather to be the best of its kind.

In practically every other of the handicrafts, the same tendency is observable, particularly if any considerable number of its practitioners are employed professionally. The woodworking arts furnish a striking illustration. Wood-carvers in the United States are mostly foreigners, immigrants from countries where the Gothic traditions are most persistent, as from Germany, Switzerland, and Scandinavia. Upon this body of workers, whose craft has been inherited from the great carvers of Freiburg and Nuremberg, the taste of American artists who are throwing them each year an increasing number of commissions for fine workmanship, have just as certainly become a great compelling force, making for restraint, sobriety, logic, style; making away from realistic representation in very high relief of flowers and fruit forms, of portrait heads. Whenever, furthermore, a specialized branch of sculpture in wood is developed here—as in the now-popular individual treatment of the picture frame and the mirror frame—the artist's resort for inspiration and example is generally to the works of the Italian and Spanish frame-makers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and hardly at all to the carvings of the Germans and Flemings. In the art, again, of glass-blowing, which, outside of its ordinary commercial applications, is still pursued by a few men of distinct artistic feeling, the present ideal is one of simplicity, with consequent freedom from profuse ornamentation, and with a severity of line, which is even more Florentine than Venetian, more Hellenic than Hellenistic. Potters are being steadily turned in Italianate direc-

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tions; the vogue of pottery suitable for landscape gardening is one of several factors helping that tendency along. Silversmiths are more and more looking for models to Renaissance, and, curiously enough, to American colonial work—often to Paul Revere and his contemporaries, whose design reflected the classicism popular in the eighteenth century. Even such an art as the decoration of china, justly perhaps fallen into disrepute through a perversion of the Gothic principle of free adaptation of natural forms, has been somewhat restored to dignity and standing by ceramic workers who depend for their success on color and surface, together with sparing use of a little formal design, usually of classic derivation.

How is this modern classicism to be explained? There is something so distinctly usable about nearly all the art-forms which antiquity developed that a busy age may easily be pardoned for basing its handicraft upon them. The classic orders and elements of design are not properly a substitute for thinking—although often improperly so used—but they are in any case a great help to thinking. The modern finds his work partly done. A little skilful adapting and readapting, and, presto! you have a State capitol, a great public library, a neatly bound little volume, a picture painted in accordance with a definite scheme of composition and values, a simple pot upon which the same sort of care may be lavished which created the hopelessly perfect lines of the best amphoræ and lekethi. Upon a platform of catholicity of the kind with which the Roman of the early empire regarded the derived artistic forms which his architects and engineers employed in the erection of vast public and private works, the dominant Americanism of to-day has come to stand as regards all the arts, including those which, in an age of narrow parochialism, were unhappily labelled the "minor arts." The handicraft movement is, therefore, rapidly detaching itself from its original impetus. Operated upon by national forces, its present trend is in the direction of classicism, which the trinity of the fine arts has already taken.

The "Hokusai" of Edward F. Strange, in the Langham Art Monographs (Charles Scribner's Sons), gives a clear enough picture of the place of that artist in the art of Japan, but it is difficult to accept altogether the judgment which ranks him with "the masters of the world's art." Mr. Strange compares Hokusai, felicitously enough, with Daumier; but until we are ready to place Daumier above Raphael and Titian we should hardly presume to reverse the judgment of the Japanese themselves, who are rather contemptuous of our Western laudation of one who is to them relatively inconsiderable—a clever maker of popular prints, but far from a great classic master. Of course there are those who would so rank Daumier, and even those who would not may admire his genius. But what should we think of a judgment of Western art based on an almost exclusive knowledge of Daumier? That is the position that most of us are in with regard to Japanese art. Even Whistler, the refined, the aristocratic, the dainty epicure of line and color, knew no other name but that of Hokusai, and uses it as synonymous with the art of Japan.

The presence in the same series of "Oxford," by H. J. L. J. Massé, is hard to understand, for there is a little about everything but art in the volume. It is as unreadable as a guide-book, and more like one than anything else, yet we imagine it would be an inefficient guide. For those who love desiccated information it may have its place, but its place is not in a series of Art Monographs.

Last autumn Corrado Ricci, chairman of the new Commissione Centrale per le antichità e le belle arti, proposed to the Ministry of Public Instruction a monthly review to continue and replace the more imposing series Gallerie Nazionali Italiane. The intention was to publish promptly all matters relating to the national collections, news of discoveries, restorations, etc., as well as the proceedings of the newly formed Commissione Centrale. This project is handsomely realized in the first number of the *Bolletino d'Arte* del Ministero della P. Istruzione. The leading article is a discussion and reconstruction of the Discobolus unearthed last year at Castel Porziano, and given by the King to the National Museum at Rome. Professor Giulio Emmanuele Rizzo effects the restoration of this splendid marble, by using the Discobolus head of the Louvre, and the fragmentary right arm of the Casa Buonarotti. Naturally these additions have been made, not to the marble itself, but to a cast. The result is highly pleasing and credible enough. The ministerial committee on the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci at Milan reports the painting as rapidly peeling from the wall, owing to the disparate materials—including oils, tempera, and even encaustic—with which the original work and the restorations have been executed; and as well to the exudation of nitre from the damp wall. The report contains a complete account of the restorations and inquests of which this ill-fated masterpiece has been the subject for nearly two centuries. It is recommended that the work be committed to the famous restorer Cavenaghi, whose plan, already tested for several years on a portion of the painting, is, after careful cleaning, to fix the fragments to the wall with resinous gums impervious to water. We can only note in passing that there are many other items of interest. This periodical will be most useful to serious students of Italian art. The illustrations are of good quality, but one must regret that the only photogravure was given, not to the original marble, but to the plaster reconstruction of the new Discobolus. The price of the *Bolletino* is 2.5 francs for Italy, 3 for other countries; the annual subscription similarly 25 and 30 francs. The publisher is E. Calzone, Corso Umberto I., No. 307, Rome.

The site of Grecian Herculaneum is discussed by Prof. dall' Osso of the Naples Museum in the *Tribuna* (Rome) for January 29. He believes that it was a Hippodamean city, square upon a side of not more than 400 metres. Its three avenues ran parallel from the southeast to northwest, cutting the intramural precinct into ranges of four building blocks from side to side. The entire city would thus consist of possibly twenty such blocks, each something less than a hundred metres by sixty. Of these blocks six have been superficially excavated, enough to prove the orientation and length of the main porticoed street and the existence of its western parallel avenue. Recent excavations on the land of the Marchese del Bisogno have uncovered a bit of the pavement of the eastern avenue, proving to Prof. dall' Osso's satisfaction that the city was square, and much smaller than has been supposed. He recalls pertinently that Petronius Arbiter regarded it as an *oppidulum*. If the excavations under the Waldstein project were to be confined to the Greek town, the area involved would be relatively small. But there remains the probability that the finest objects of art are not within the walls, but in the Roman villas outside. It was one such villa, that of the Papyri, which yielded the splendid bronzes now at Naples. It seems that, however the digging is conducted, a large element of chance must enter into the work. Such a restriction of the scheme as is hinted at in Prof. dall' Osso's theory may at least save unpromising reconnaissances beyond the probable limits of either the urban or villa sections.

Boston's development and improvement is the subject of an interesting report of a committee of architects, published at the joint expense of eight business organizations of the city. In its preparation careful study has been made of what has been done in this direction in other cities in this country and in Europe, especially in Hamburg. The suggestions include the construction of two encircling boulevards to render communication easier, and an island in the Charles River. From a purely business point of view the concluding section is the most important, with its suggestions for the improvement of the railroad and dock facilities. The report is in quarto form, and is profusely illustrated with plans and pictures of suggested improvements in New York, Washington,

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Cleveland, and St. Louis, as well as striking scenes in several European cities.

The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts has secured six pictures, with money given by George A. Hearn of this city. These hang in Gallery 13, devoted to the American school. They are: George de Forest Brush, In the Garden; Frank W. Benson, Portrait of a Lady; W. M. Chase, Seventeenth Century Lady; William Sergeant Rendall, The Seer; Douglas Volk, The Young Pioneer, and Frederick Ballard Williams, L'Allegro. From the income of the Rogers Fund the Museum has purchased a Nativity, by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo (about 1440, died after 1521). His paintings may be found in Berlin, Madrid, and Perugia. The acquisition of our Museum is a not very large canvas, the Virgin and Joseph adoring the infant Christ. An ox and ass are in the cave behind, while above are worshipping angels. To the right is a shepherd piping to a flock. A section of a city on the heights is in this part of the picture; to the left is an angel in the sky and another shepherd with his flock. An Umbrian landscape is clear in the background. The composition has the naïveté of its times. The Museum has also received from J. Pierpont Morgan five Burgundian tapestries of the fourteenth century. According to the annual report of the trustees the attendance for the year was 761,476.

The Munich art exhibition of 1907 will, as heretofore, open June 1, closing at the end of October. There will be a number of collective exhibitions from various art societies.

A collection of twenty water-colors and seventy-four oils, the property of A. Augustus Healy of Brooklyn, was offered at auction by the American Art Galleries in this city last Friday night. The collection sold for $75,975. The highest price paid for a water-color was $2,600 for Jacob Maris's View of Dordrecht. Among the prices for the oils were the following: Jacob Maris, Holland Landscape, $1,000; Henri Harpignies, The Birches, $2,100; A Summer Day, $2,000; Charles François Daubigny, Banks of the Marne, $7,900; A Showery Day in Spring, $6,000; Springtime, $1,100; Josef Israëls, Waiting for His Master, $1,700; A Dutch Interior, $2,600; Théodore Rousseau, The Plain of Barbizon at Twilight, $1,225; Jean Charles Cazin, Le Dernier Quartier, $4,500; T. H. de Bock, Autumn, $1,150; Jacob Simon Hendrik Kever, Playmates, $1,350; François Pieter Ter Meulen, A Shepherd and His Flock—Winter, $1,000; Constant Troyon, The Ferry, $1,050; Willem Maris, Under the Willows, $5,100.

At an auction at Christie's, London, on February 2, the sum of £210 was paid for Sir Peter Lely's Portrait of a Lady, in red dress and brown scarf. At the Christie sale of February 5, the following prices were paid for engravings: After Romney: Nature (Lady Hamilton), by H. Meyer, first state, before any letters, £462; another copy, printed in colors, £210; after Reynolds: The Snake in the Grass, by W. Ward, £252; after W. Hamilton: The Months, by Bartolozzi and Gardiner, set of twelve, £220; after Morland: The Story of Letitia, by J. R. Smith, £210; after Lawrence: Master Lambton, by S. Cousins, first state, £162; Countess of Derby, by Bartolozzi, £178.

A collection of paintings belonging to Eugène Fischhof of Paris and New York will be sold at auction in the ball-room of the Waldorf-Astoria, on the nights of February 22 and 23. The paintings, now on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, comprise works by old and new masters.

The death is announced of Henry Cros, the sculptor. Born in Narbonne in 1840, he studied under Jouffroy, Étex, and the painter Valadon; and for many years he exhibited at the Salon. Among his better known works are busts of Mlle. Jeannine Dumas and Adolphe Guérouet, and bas reliefs Ascagne endormi and Les Druidesses. He made many experiments in *polychromie* and *cire colorée*. He collaborated with Charles Henry in a technical book entitled, "L'Encaustique et les autres procédés de peinture chez les Anciens."

Finance.

STERLING EXCHANGE.

Two or three weeks ago "investment" in "long sterling" was noted as a feature of the exchange and money markets of this city. "Long sterling" is the name given to drafts on London that have sixty to ninety days to run before maturity. This investment movement was the first instance of the kind in several years. It was the direct result of the fact that the London discount rate was at the moment higher and therefore more attractive to borrowers than the money rate in New York.

It is generally true that commercial exports from the United States are financed originally by the issue of bills of exchange of "usance" other than "sight" or eight days. The commonest form of usances is for sixty and ninety days. Inasmuch as the shipper as a rule needs his money when he ships his goods or shortly thereafter, and the buyer naturally does not pay for them until he has received them—and usually not for some time thereafter—somebody must find the money to pay the shipper, and whoever does so must await repayment until the buyer is ready to pay. This interval is covered by the sixty and ninety-day bills of exchange, which have to be sold by the shippers at such a discount, as compared with a "sight" draft, as will give the buyer interest on his money at the local rate for the term of maturity of the bill.

London is the great market for acceptances of this kind, and London by discounting these "long bills," furnishes the money necessary to transport produce from original shipper to ultimate buyer. The London discount rate fixes the discount on "long" sterling as against "sight" sterling. It is precisely the performance of functions of this kind that characterizes a "world's money centre." Ordinarily, there is a continuous stream of bills of exchange at sixty or ninety days from New York to London for acceptance and discount. In other words, the bills do not, as a rule, rest in the portfolios of New York bankers, but go forward as fast as they are made. London "finances" the crop movement of which these bills are the result. Several years ago, however, it so happened that New York was suffering from a plethora of money at a time when exchange was tending strongly against London; that is, when New York claims against London exceeded in amount the claims of London against New York. New York bankers were able to buy "long" sterling on terms which gave a minimum return on their investment larger than they could obtain in any other safe way in the New York money market. Consequently, New York bankers started to do their own "discounting" of these "long" bills, and, instead of discounting them in London, simply held them until they became "sight" drafts, when they were presented for payment. It was estimated that there was thus "in storage" at one time in New York something like twenty million pounds sterling of "long" bills, and the estimate is not so unreasonable as it looks.

With "sight" sterling at about $4.84½ for the pound, an investor risks nothing in buying "long bills" so far as exchange movements are concerned; for with normal monetary conditions—that is, with the movement of gold not impeded, and the interest on money not prohibitive—remittances from London to New York can be made as cheaply in gold as in bills of exchange. Under ordinary circumstances, as described above, the investor in "long bills" cannot lose. Exchange can rise from this level, and he can make a profit thereby, but loss is virtually out of the question, because he can always take his gold at maturity of the bill and close his transaction.

It is hardly likely that there will be

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much "investment" in sterling exchange by our bankers under present conditions. While it is true that our "finance bill" position has been cleared up by sales of railroad notes and that we are not in debit on strictly "current account" at present, it seems improbable that our time money rates will recede very far from the present level in the near future, whereas the cream of the "long" bill as an investment has disappeared with the reduction of the London discount rate by one per cent. Certainly nothing like the accumulation of several years ago is to be expected, unless, indeed, we were to have so sudden and violent a contraction in business as to produce an immediate and large decline in rates for money.

Nevertheless, that our bankers should be "investing" at all in sterling exchange in February, 1907, after having caused Europe to shudder for months over our "finance bill" borrowings in 1906, is surely as good an example of the extraordinary power of the United States to "about-face" as any one could wish to see.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allan, Brant. Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Arnold, W. T. Roman Provincial Administration. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.
Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare. Edited by Appleton Morgan and Willis Vickery. The Shakespeare Press.
Barker, J. Ellis. The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Bearne, Mrs. Heroines of French Society. Dutton. $3 net.
Bell, Gertrude Lowthian. The Desert and the Sown. Dutton. $5 net.
Beynon, J. Herrington. Alluria. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.
Bindloss, Harold. The Dust of Conflict. F. A. Stokes Co.
Blanchan, Neltje. Birds Every Child Should Know. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.
Bewett, George John. The Study of Nature and the Vision of God: Toronto: William Briggs.
Bourgeois, Emile, and E. Clermont. Rome et Napoleon III. Paris: Armand Colin.
Castellane's Souvenirs de la Vie Militaire. Edited by G. W. Hartog. Henry Frowde.
Childe, Charles P. The Control of a Scourge. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Clouston, T. S. The Hygiene of Mind. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Commander, Lydia K. The American Idea. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Connolly, James. The Jewels of King Art. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Dudley, G. Wilson. The Dream of Hell. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Earle, Mrs. C. W. Letters to Young and Old. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Evans, E. P. The Criminal Prosecution and Capital Punishment of Animals. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Everyman's Library: F. W. Robertson's Sermons, 3 vols.; John Wesley's Journal, 4 vols.; F. D. Maurice's Kingdom of Christ, 2 vols.; Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion; William Law's Serious Call; Hugh Latimer's Sermons; Principal Lindsay's New Testament; Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici. Dutton. 50 cents per vol.
Facts on Immigration. National Civic Federation. 25 cents.
Fehlandt, August F. A Century of Drink Reform in the United States. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Finot, Jean. Race Prejudice. Translated by Florence Wade-Evans. Dutton. $3 net.
Fischer, George Alexander. This Labyrinthine Life. B. W. Dodge & Co.
Gordon, George. The Processional: A Poem. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Gorst, Sir John E. The Children of the Nation. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Hilty, Carl. The Steps of Life. Translated by Melvin Brandow. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Hogg, Ethel M. Quintin Hogg. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Hosmer, James Kendall. Outcome of the Civil War. Harpers. $2 net.
Hudson, Henry N. Essays on English Studies. Edited by A. J. George. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75 cents.
Kenny, Courtney Stanhope. Outlines of Criminal Law. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Knox, George William. The Development of Religion in Japan. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Labor and Industries of New Jersey. Twenty-ninth Annual Report of. Camden, N. J.
Lysaght, Sidney Royse. Her Majesty's Rebels. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Mair, David. A School Course of Mathematics. Henry Frowde. 90 cents.
Memoirs of "Malakoff." Edited by R. M. Johnston. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.
Newman, George. Infant Mortality. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Noble, Edward. The Issue. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
North, Leigh. Predecessors of Cleopatra. Broadway Publishing Co.
Norton, Charles Eliot. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Ober, Frederick A. Amerigo Vespucci. Harpers. $1 net.
Ovidio, Francesco d'. Nuovi Studii Danteschi. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Plumb, Charles S. Types and Breeds of Farm Animals. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Randall, John. The Sweetest Solace. Dutton. $1.50.
Repass, E. A. The Importance of Home Training; or Family Discipline. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. 10 cents.
Royer, Newton H. The Advantages of a Settled Pastorate. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. 10 cents.
Schultz, J. W. My Life as an Indian. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.
Slicer, Thomas R. The Way to Happiness. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Smith, Goldwin. Labour and Capital. Macmillan Co. 50 cents net.
Smith, Ruel Perley. Prisoners of Fortune. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Snyder, Carl. The World Machine. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Sonnets of Heredia. Translated by Edward R. Taylor. Paul Elder & Co. $1.50 net.
Souter, Alexander. The Commentary of Pelagius on the Epistles of Paul. Henry Frowde. 1s. 6d.
Statutes and Constitutional Documents Illustrative of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Edited by G. W. Prothero. Henry Frowde.
Stendhal's Racine et Shakespeare. Edited by Leon Delbos. Henry Frowde.
Stoddart, Jane T. The Life of the Empress Eugenie. Dutton. $3 net.
Super, Charles William. A Liberal Education. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Swedenborg, Emanuel. The Proprium. Edited by John Bigelow. New Church Board of Publication.
Sweet, Louis Matthews. The Birth and Infancy of Christ. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press.
Tower, William Lawrence. An Investigation of Evolution in Chrysomelid Beetles of the Genus Leptinotarsa. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Wilcox, Henry S. Frailties of the Jury. Chicago: Legal Literature Co.

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